

Our Appalling Crisis ~
What Would Lincoln Do ?

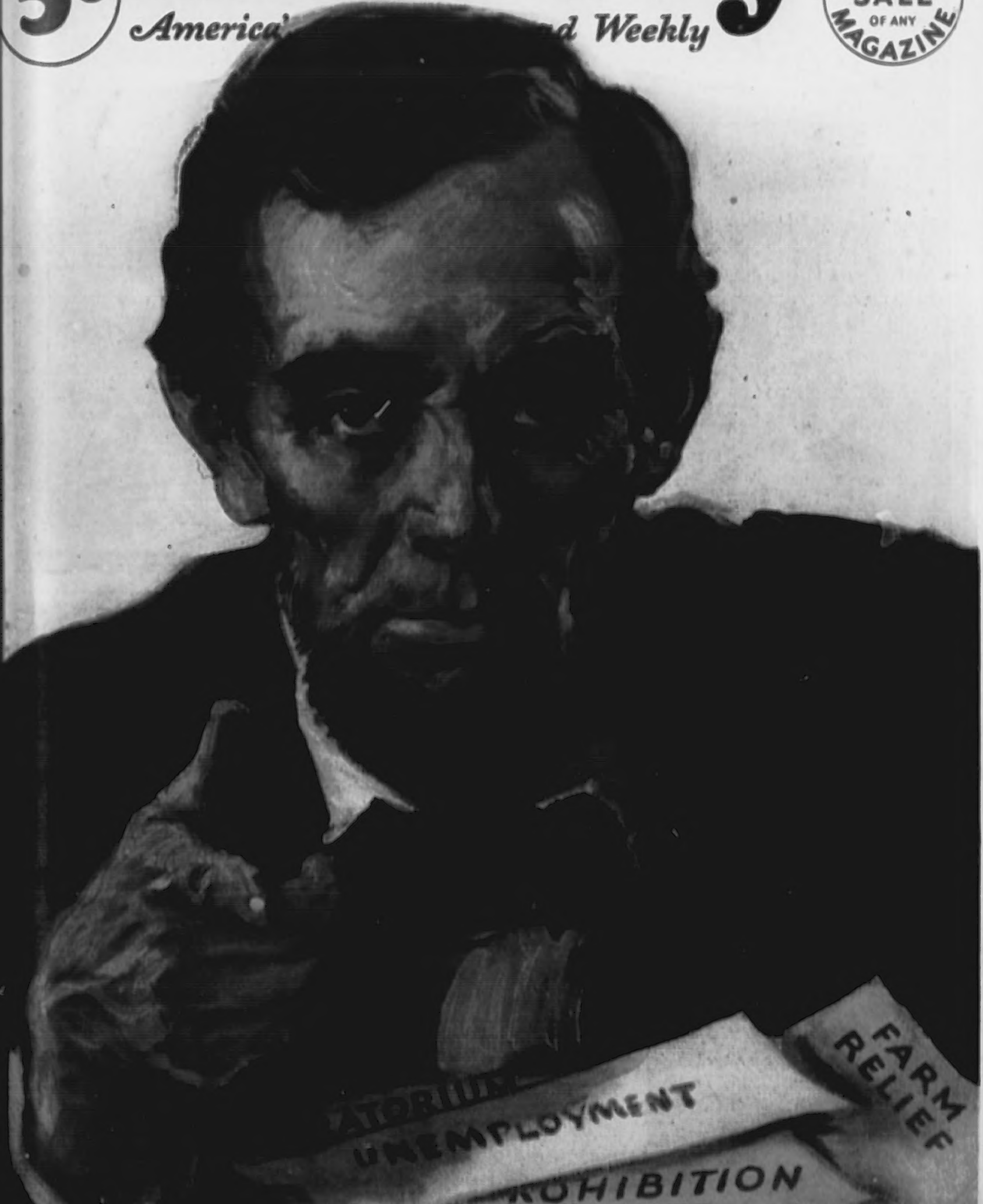
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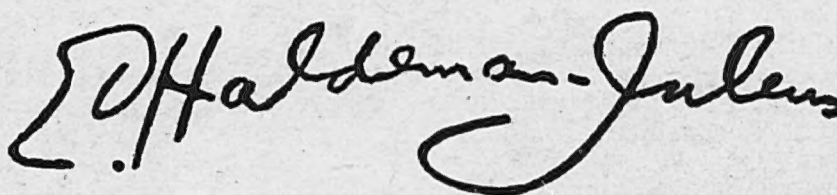
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No. 7

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

ARE WE A DEFENSELESS NATION?

Major General James E. Fechet, Chief of the U. S. Army Air Corps, retired recently before his time. His patriotic spirit forced him to this action because of his belief in what he considers to be our alarming need of preparedness.

The new spirit of economy which should have been considered when we were loaning billions of dollars to foreign nations is rapidly making us a defenseless nation.

Our navy is said to be far below its scheduled strength. Our army is dwindling far below what is supposed to be its minimum limit. Even our air force is being materially reduced.

Nothing is being done to provide for the future construction of army and navy aircraft to replace the planes built under the five-year program authorized in 1926 after the Morrow Board disclosed the deplorable condition of American air defense.

The navy has completed its program and will spend the paltry \$5,000,000 provided in the budget now before Congress on replacement of obsolete planes. The budget of the army air corps has been reduced, and is more than \$5,000,000 short of the amount required to finish the program of 1,800 planes provided by law.

Great Britain, France, Japan, and Russia all lead the United States in the percentage of aviation cost to the total cost of national defense. For what she has to

defend, the United States spends the least on aviation. The average person in the United States buys his air defense every twelve months for about the price of one admission to a motion-picture theater.

Everybody freely admits that the next war will be fought in the air; that armies and navies will be of little value after the aerial combat is ended. The losers would have but one alternative—unconditional surrender.

Perhaps the peace-at-any-price fanatics who have been besieging Congress have had something to do with this change on the part of our administration. Those who demand more economy in Washington have doubtless also had some influence. But with the universal demand for more jobs, it is hardly an appropriate time to decrease either the army or the navy.

Whatever might be done with these two forces of defense, our military activities in the air should be augmented. It is little short of national suicide to neglect this source of defense when it has clearly been shown that a few airplanes can distribute a gas that will annihilate an army and destroy a city in a few minutes.

Why are we so asinine, so lacking in intelligence, as to neglect this phase of national defense?

Force is law to the mind of the savage. He has no respect for any other power. And for the new civilization that Japan has brought within the past few generations, and for the hundreds of millions of Chinese that are just awakening to the need of the comforts of civilized life, war has a dreadful yet powerful attraction.

And Russia—that mighty nation that is being now synchronized into a huge, closely knit corporation, each unit working in harmony with the cataclysmic forces that are being brought into being in that country—who knows what its ambitions may be within the next few years? With all the arts of our progressive age taught by engineers and specialists from every phase of commercial and professional life, Russia is entering the world of nations—a silent, powerful, commanding force.

Suppose the Russians want war. What if the glory of the martial spirit stirs them into action?

Yes, we can point to the League of Nations, that international combination that has for its object the preservation of peace. But we saw an example of its power in the recent Japanese-Chinese situation. It was not unlike a flock of jaybirds calling to two boys to stop fighting. No attention whatsoever was given to the League's demands. When a nation acquires the impression that it is strong enough to dictate to the world, a combination of nations will have about the same effect that it had on Germany in the beginning of the World War.

Our present neglect of our forces of defense is an unspeakable national crime. We are the world's wealthiest nation, and because of our wealth and domineering attitude we are hated by every nation in the world.

We should have an aerial military force far above and beyond that of any other nation. If we are able to surpass that of a combination of nations it would be more appropriate, considering the huge wealth that this nation is compelled to protect, in addition to the life and liberty of our millions of citizens.

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Cover by James Montgomery Flagg

THE TRAGEDY OF NAN - *Domestic Hands*

It had been a real love match, the marrying of Nan and John. It meant sacrificing luxuries she had taken for granted all her life. It meant doing without a car; even going without a maid.

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She had abiding faith in John's cleverness. He was bound to succeed. It thrilled her to think she was playing an important part in his success.

Then suddenly without warning she began to change. From a vivacious, carefree bride she became furtive, self-conscious, shy.

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HINDS

honey and almond

CREAM



A photographic representation of inferiority complex caused by Domestic Hands
Interpreted by Anton Bruehl

1932 ☾ FEBRUARY ☽ 1932

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GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

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OUR *Appalling* CRISIS- *What Would* Lincoln DO

*The Brilliant
Mind of the Great
Emancipator Is
Brought to Bear
on the Vexing
Problems of
Today*

By

GEORGE SYLVESTER
VIERECK

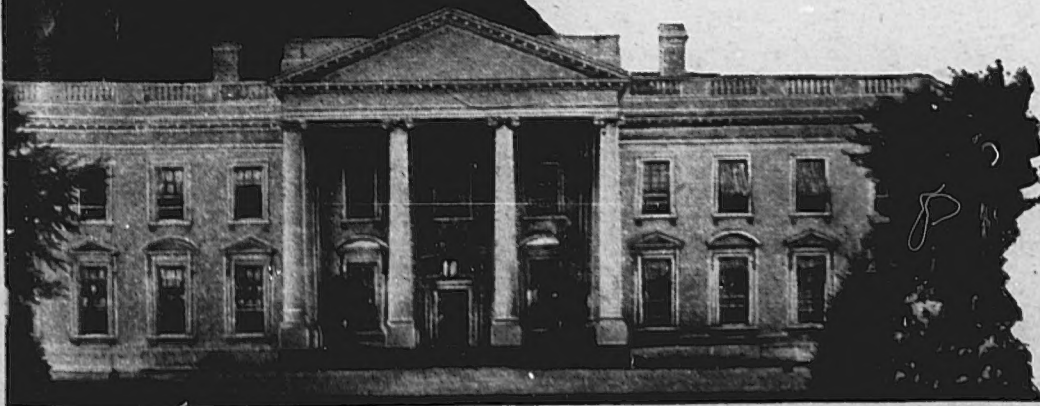
(Reading time: 15 min. 45 sec.)

I WAS waiting to see the President. It was a drowsy afternoon, with visitors coming and going and pompous officials buzzing like bees. I tossed aside the newspaper I was reading and gave myself to reverie.

Suddenly someone touched me gently on the shoulder.

"The President is ready to see you." He conducted me past a group of newspaper men and nonchalant secret-serv-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



[OUR APPALLING CRISIS—WHAT WOULD LINCOLN DO?]

Continued from page seven

ice men to the President's office. The President's face was at first hidden from view by some papers which he was scrutinizing attentively.

As we approached the desk he rose to greet me. I put my hand to my head. Was I dreaming? For I did not gaze into the rosy, clean-shaven face of President Hoover, well fed and comfortable, but into deep, luminous melancholy eyes in a gaunt, haggard face with a short dark beard and side whiskers. Glasses perched slightly awry on the large, energetic nose. Unruly hair fell over the wrinkled forehead.

His features were exceedingly homely. But they were redeemed by something of the same light that must have suffused the countenance of Jesus in Gethsemane.

There was no doubt that the figure which stood before me was unmistakably, in every detail, the likeness of Abraham Lincoln. Uncle Abe's appearance contrasted strangely with that of Herbert Hoover. He wore the same long-tail coat and the same black tie, carelessly knotted, with which he appears in his pictures. I noticed that the coat was shabby at the elbows. The trousers had not known a pressing iron.

For a moment I suspected that I was seeing some moving-picture actor impersonating Lincoln and playing a practical joke on me. But a nameless something in my heart told me that I was face to face with Abraham Lincoln himself. He had come back in this crisis to take once more into his firm hands, so gnarled and knotted compared with those of Mr. Hoover, the reins of government. Strange as it may seem, no goose flesh crept up my spine. I was not even startled.

THE President's secretary had left us. I was alone with Lincoln. He moved, or rather slouched, to one of the windows and seated himself negligently, one leg over the other. I noticed that he wore comfortable, timeworn house shoes—shoes that would never fit Herbert Hoover. His feet would be lost in them.

"Mr. Lincoln—" I ventured.

He smiled at me and motioned me to take a seat next to him at the window.

"May I ask you a few questions?"

He nodded pleasantly.

Plunging straightway into the subject that is paramount in most minds today, I asked: "Do you think we can meet the present emergency by public works on a gigantic scale? Do you favor the issuance of a huge loan to keep all hands at work?"

Mr. Lincoln vigorously assented.

"But how shall we raise the money?"

Lincoln's eyes traveled in the direction of the Treasury Department. I caught his meaning.

"We have nearly five billion dollars gold in the vaults of the Treasury. Do you think we should put this gold to work?"

AGAIN Lincoln nodded. "Money," he said, "is only valuable while in circulation. Any device which would keep the government revenues in constant circulation instead of being locked up in idleness is no considerable advantage."

"Who should take the lead in lifting us out of the depths of the depression, the states or the nation?"

"Let the nation take hold of the larger works and the states the smaller ones, and thus working in a meeting direction, discreetly but steadily and firmly, what is made unequal in one place may be equalized in another, extravagance avoided, and the whole country put on that career of prosperity which shall correspond with its extent of territory, its natural resources, and the intelligence and enterprise of its people."

"You would not," I said, "rely exclusively on individual initiative?"

Mr. Lincoln shook his head.

"The legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done but cannot do at all, or cannot so well do, for themselves in their separate and individual capacities. In all that the people can individually do as well for themselves, government ought not to interfere."

"Do you think we should reduce wages and liquidate labor?"

"Labor," Lincoln replied seriously, "is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not existed."

"You would, then," I interrupted, "treat labor with more consideration than capital?"

"Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration. The strongest bond of human

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TEN]



"SUCCESS does not so much depend on external help as on self-reliance," declared Lincoln. "Stand by your principles, stand by your guns, and victory, complete and permanent, is sure at the last."

Brown Bros. photo



[OUR APPALLING CRISIS—WHAT WOULD LINCOLN DO?]

Continued from page eight

sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people of all nations and tongues and kindreds."

"You are not," I interjected, "an advocate of Bolshevism?"

He shook his head violently.

"Capital," he said, "has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights."

"Many among us, including your successor, President Hoover, seem to think that the prosperity of the United States depends upon the prosperity of Europe," I ventured to observe.

"Success," the ghostly visitant replied, "does not so much depend on external help as on self-reliance."

"You believe, then," I said, "in a self-sufficient America working out its own salvation. Some of us seem to despair of our ability to extricate ourselves."

Lincoln shook his finger at me.

"Nothing," he said, and there was something of the same ring in his words that must have thrilled his audience at Gettysburg, "should lead you to leave your guns. Stand by your principles, stand by your guns, and victory, complete and permanent, is sure at the last."

He strode up and down the room, his hands folded behind his coat tails.

"If we successfully overcome the depression, from what other point do you expect the approach of danger to American institutions?"

Lincoln's angular figure bent toward me.

"If it ever reaches us," he said, "it must spring up amongst us; it cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher."

"All the armies of Europe, Asia, and Africa combined with all the treasure of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with Bonaparte for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years. But there is even now something of ill omen amongst us. I mean the increasing disregard for law which pervades the country."

"The American people," he went on to say, "are much attached to their government. They would endure evils long and patiently before they would ever think of exchanging it for another. Yet, if the laws be continually despised and disregarded, the alienation of their affection for the government is the natural consequence."

"But how," I interjected, "shall we defend ourselves against lawlessness?"

Uncle Abe frowned.

"The answer is simple. Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country and never to tolerate their violation by others."

FOR the moment he had forgotten my presence. Galvanized by his own eloquence, he was addressing not me but a nation.

"But, surely, Mr. Lincoln," I objected, "there are good laws and bad laws."

"When I so pressingly urge the strict observance of all the laws, let it not be understood as saying that there are no bad laws, or that grievances may not arise for the redress of which no legal provisions have been made."

He almost glowered at me as he said this.

"I do mean to say that although bad laws, if they exist, should be repealed as soon as possible, still, while they continue in force, for the sake of example they should be religiously enforced."

"Can you reconcile the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act with personal liberty?"

Something like a smile crept over Lincoln's features.

"Reasonable men of the world have long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of all evils among mankind. Whether or not the world would be vastly benefited by a total and final banishment from it of all intoxicating drinks seems to me not now an open question. Three-fourths of mankind confess the affirmative with their tongues, and I believe all the rest acknowledge it in their hearts."

I remembered that Lincoln in his younger days was not averse to a drink, although the habit of abstinence grew upon him with age. Douglas, in one of his debates with him, said he could "destroy" more liquor than any man.

"Don't you," I said somewhat facetiously, "remember your own famous epigram about General Grant's whisky?"

Someone had accused General Grant of drinking.

"What does he drink?" asked Lincoln.

"Whisky," the complainant replied, "and in unusual quantities."

"Well," Lincoln responded, "just find out what particular kind he uses and I'll send a barrel to each of the other generals."

A REMINISCENT twinkle lit up the eyes of the visitant when I recapitulated the anecdote.

"Certainly," I added, "the appetite for liquor cannot be cured by statute."

The Emancipator assented.

"The practice of drinking," he admitted, "is just as old as the world itself. When all such as we who have now reached the years of maturity first opened our eyes upon the stage of existence, we found intoxicating liquor recognized by everybody, used by everybody, repudiated by nobody."

"From the sideboard of the parson down to the ragged pocket of the houseless loafer, it was constantly found. Physicians prescribed it in this, that, and the other disease; government provided it for soldiers and sailors."

"The making of it was regarded as an honorable livelihood, and he who could make most was the most enterprising and respectable."

He paused for a moment. Then, raising his voice, went on to say: "Is it a wonder that some should think and act now as all thought and acted twenty years ago? And is it just to assail, condemn, and despise them for doing so?"

"The war heretofore waged against the demon intemperance has somehow or other been erroneous. Either the champions engaged or the tactics they adopted have not been the most proper. These champions for the most part have been preachers, lawyers, and hired agents. Between these and the mass of mankind there is a want of approachability."

He sighed.

"When the conduct of men is designed to be influenced, persuasion—kind, unassuming persuasion—should ever be adopted. It is an old and a true maxim that 'a drop of honey catches more flies than a gallon of gall.' So with men."

"Unfortunately," I retorted, "the Anti-Saloon League had the gall to write prohibition into the Constitution. The infringement of our personal liberties has aroused our ire. It is a fashionable thing among young and old alike to violate the Eighteenth Amendment."

He laughed. A twinkle appeared in his eyes and traveled over all the little wrinkles and creases of his face.

"Let us make it as unfashionable to withhold our names from the temperance cause as for husbands to wear

LET the nation take hold of the larger works and the states the smaller ones, and thus working, the whole country may be put on that career of prosperity which shall correspond with its natural resources and the intelligence and enterprise of its people.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

their wives' bonnets to church and instances will be just as rare in the one case as in the other."

What Lincoln said was convincing. But he had not answered my question.

"Mr. Lincoln," I said earnestly, "you ignore the Eighteenth Amendment, which makes the regulation of our dietary habits a basic part of the Constitution."

Lincoln turned his luminous eyes upon me.

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

He spoke with slow deliberation, but his voice at times was more high-pitched than I had expected. In that respect he reminded me of Theodore Roosevelt, whose treble contrasted strangely with his bulk. However, Lincoln's voice grew deeper and more resonant as he talked.

"I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the national Constitution amended. I fully recognize the rightful authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself, and I should, under existing circumstances, favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it."

"Which method would you prefer?"

"The convention mode seems preferable," he said. "It allows amendments to originate with the people themselves instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others not especially chosen for the purpose and which might not be precisely such as they would wish to either accept or refuse."

"Would you, if you were a candidate for the Presidency, agitate for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, and impress upon legislators the folly of interfering with our right to pursue happiness, if we choose, in a highball?"

"THE cause of civil liberty," Mr. Lincoln replied simply but with deep sincerity, "must not be surrendered. A majority held in restraint by constitutional check and limitations and always changing easily with the deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. If by mere force of numbers a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution—certainly would if such a right were a vital one."

"The Hoover administration," I countered, "favors neither a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment nor a modification of the Volstead Act."

Mr. Lincoln shrugged his shoulders.

"By the frame of the government in which we live these people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief; and have, with equal wisdom, provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance no administration, by an extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the government in the short space of four years."

Again his eyes seemed to look straight through me as if he were gazing at a crowd.

"To give the victory to the right, not bloody

bullets but peaceful ballots only are necessary. Thanks to our good old Constitution and organization under it, these alone," he repeated, "are necessary. It only needs that every right-thinking man shall go to the polls and without fear or prejudice vote as he thinks."

"Unfortunately, Mr. Lincoln, the popular vote is not always free from prejudice. Elections are frequently carried by organized intolerance. You cannot approve of officials set up by such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan."

Uncle Abe bristled.

"I have some little notoriety for commiserating the oppressed Negro; and I should be strangely inconsistent if I could favor any project for curtailing the existing rights of white men, even though born in different lands and speaking different languages from myself."

HE threw up his hands despairingly. "We began by declaring that 'all men are created equal.' When the Know-Nothings get control it will read, 'all men are created equal except Negroes and foreigners and Catholics.' When it comes to this I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty."

The secretary appeared at the door.

"Mr. Lincoln," he said, "both President Hindenburg and Ramsay MacDonald are now on the transatlantic wire to arrange the international conference which you have suggested for combating the world-wide depression."

The words had hardly escaped from his mouth when the telephone rang loudly. I started. Someone gently touched me and said: "You must have had a good nap."

My head ached. I felt that I must have a breath of air and compose my thoughts. Rushing out of the room, I ran into an old employee of the White House who has known every President since General Grant.

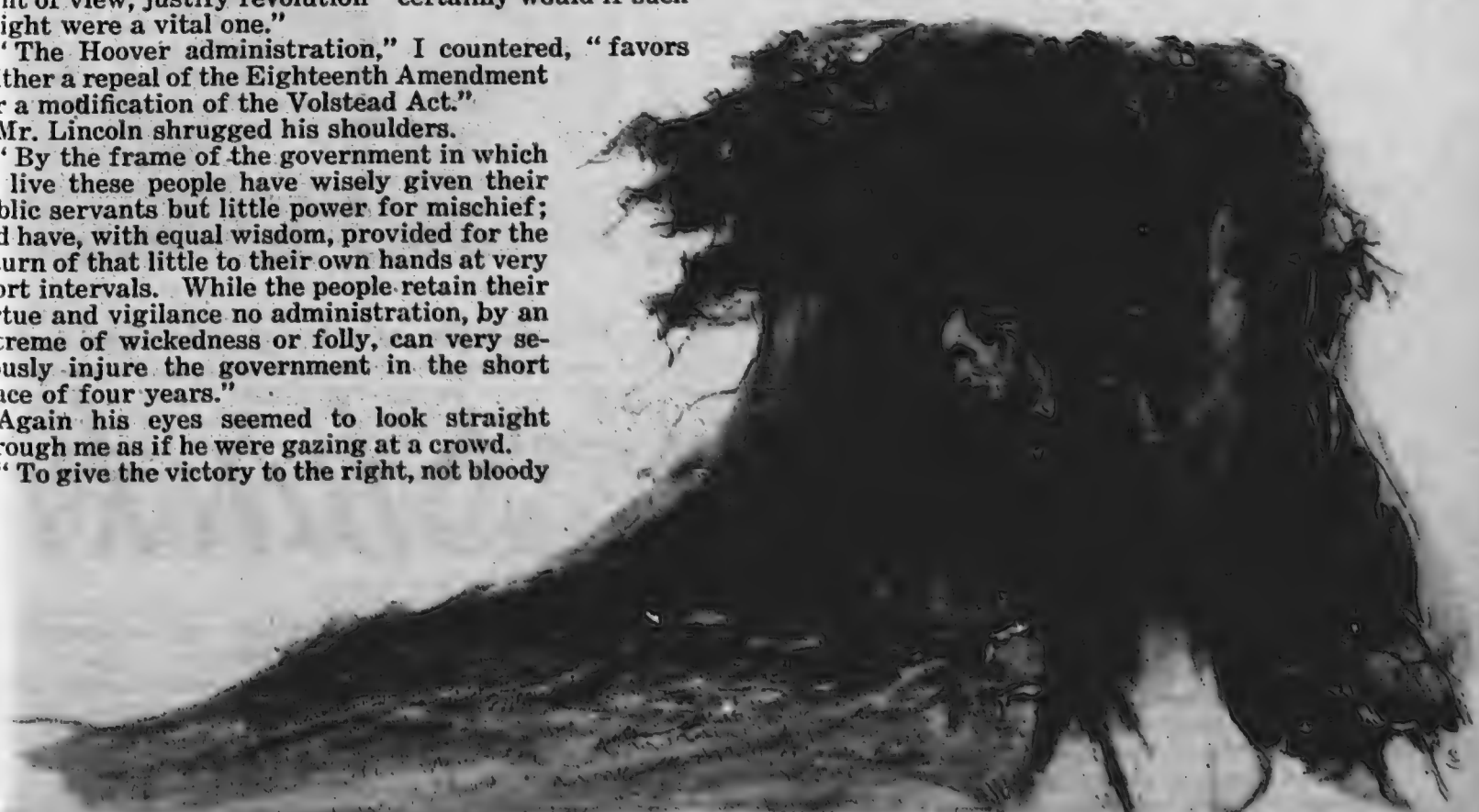
"Tell me," I said, "have you ever seen Lincoln?"

The old man looked at me without surprise.

"He used to be around now and then under Roosevelt and Wilson," he said quietly. "But I have seen mighty little of the spirit of Abraham Lincoln since Mr. Hoover has been in the White House."

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Every word attributed to Abraham Lincoln in this interview is taken verbatim from his letters or speeches, and in the main these extracts are answers to questions or pertain to subjects analogous to those with which they are associated in this interview.

THE END





BEGINNING A New Novel

*He Could Have Had Her for
a Cup of Coffee, But—He
Gave Her Diamonds, Riches,
and His Name—Why?*

(Reading time: 28 minutes 15 seconds.)

PART ONE—IN THE NICK OF TIME

MICHAEL CAHILL reached forward suddenly, grabbed the speaking tube, and whistled into it.

Malachy McLaughlin, the smart whipcorded chauffeur on the other side of the glass, slowed the car and moved in toward the curb.

"The girl in the black dress," Cahill said. "See her? Passing the drug store now she is. The thin one with a run in the left stocking. A black-haired lass with a white straw hat. White collar and cuffs. No hand bag. See her now? Follow her. Keep near the curb."

He lowered the window quickly and thrust out his head and shoulders. His silk hat knocked against the top of the window and fell from his head. McLaughlin, who had seen the incident in the rear-vision mirror, made the sign of the cross with his right thumb, and waited.

Ordinarily old "Ebb-Tide" Mike would have cursed everything and everybody, would have jumped up and down like a tin monkey on a string, would have belabored his immediate surroundings with the gold-topped blackthorn clutched in his right hand, and would then have taken up the hat most tenderly and caressed its wound.

But now the hat lay at Cahill's feet unnoticed—the hat he had worn on special occasions for the last twenty years; the hat that was an emblem of riches and honors and power, a badge of distinction, a crown of achievement.

The old man seemed to see nothing but that pale young girl.

She was ghastly pale. She walked slowly. She seemed to be scanning the faces of men and finding them not to her liking. At times she stopped, waited for a man to come close, nerved herself to talk to him, and then avoided him.

The singing words of Solomon sang in the chauffeur's brain:

Now she is in the streets, now in the broad places,
And lieth in wait at every corner.

McLaughlin had driven Michael Cahill's car for five years. He knew the man intimately, and liked him and feared him. In all that time he had never seen Mike look at a woman, much less a slip of a girl walking down the street.

"Maybe it's the spring has turned his head," he thought, "and him seventy and some."

April was on the street and the playing children and the women in the tenement windows and the people standing about the pushcarts buying and selling; on the sides of fish packed in ice—how they glittered in the sun!—on the greens of early vegetables and fruits; on the bright plants in a peddler's wagon; on the trucks and the autos that passed; on the dusty windows of stores; on the refuse-covered cobblestones; on the ash cans that stood on the sidewalks. April was on the street, on Michael



She knew that he was dead. She looked at him a long time.

The Shackled

Cahill and his forgotten topper, and on the girl who peered into the faces of young men.

It was a noisy, smelly street, jammed with life and color, dusty and damp at once, weather-beaten and fresh, old and young, a street of shadows, a street of sunlight, an Old World street in a New World metropolis, a street mean and battered and pinched looking up at the towering glittering pinnacles and cupolas and battlements and domes.

Hearts and Handcuffs



By
**EDWARD
DOHERTY**

Pictures by
ROBERT A. CAMERON



pressed tight against her cheek, her hair in disorder.

Cinderella

Mike Cahill softly—and sincerely—damned the push-carts jammed against the curb, the crowds that passed between him and his quarry, the cobblestones that jounced him up and down, the children who screamed in their play, the hawkers who cried their wares.

"Turn the corner and cut her off!" he shouted, disregarding the speaking tube, and feeling for his hat.

"What the devil—!" he began, seeing the dent for the first time. His big wrinkled right hand tightened on the

cane and he lifted it as though to smash the glass of the windshield and beat the chauffeur. McLaughlin thumbed another cross on the steering wheel.

"To hell with the hat!" Mike said. "What's the matter with you, man? Go through the damn' truck if you can't go around it. Give him the horn and go!"

He was on the running board as the car turned the corner, his blackthorn brandished at a surly truck driver, his white hair waving in the gentle breeze.

"Get out of my way!" he cried to the Italians and Jews and Armenians and Russians in his path. "Shoo! Scut, you alien devils!"

He pushed them with open palm and elbow and the tip of his cane—husky, swarthy men, able to kill him with one blow; gesticulating, angry women; boys on roller skates; girls with heavy bundles in their arms.

He planted himself in front of the girl, and for a moment he held his breath, so lovely she was, so aristocratic for all her worn clothes, so young, so wretched.

"Faugh!" he said to himself. "Am I an old fool to stand here gawping at her like a stripling with his heart in his eyes? But, sure, the Irish were ever lovers of beauty, and beauty she has to knock a man down and trample on him, and him feeling proud to be trampled. The more shame to her!"

HE confronted her with angry mien, his cane beating a scolding tattoo at her feet.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

She looked at him calmly, noting his silver hair, the white bristly tufts over his hard blue eyes, his wrinkled cheeks, his big gnarled hands, his clothes—cutaway and striped trousers—the diamond in his ascot tie, his spatted black shoes, his blackthorn stick.

"I'm going to hell," she said.

"Have you no shame?" he roared. His voice was a blast of sound that made the shouts of the hucksters sound like whispers.

"No."

"Well, I'm damned!"

"And I." She would have passed by had he not bade her wait.

"What's the trouble, Mr. Cahill? Shall I run her in?"

"Keep your nose out of this!" Cahill cried sharply, turning to see a policeman. "Oh, 'tis you, Murphy! No, you'll not run her in. I'll attend to her myself."

He swung around to the girl.

"Get into the car," he said, "and no lip out of you."

The girl did not move.

"Who are you?" she said.

"I said no lip, young lady."

She stared into his eyes and did not flinch.

"What do you want of me?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA]
Continued from page thirteen

Cahill banged his stick on the sidewalk and turned to the policeman.

"Murphy," he said, "be kind enough to escort the young woman to my car."

The policeman grinned, glad of the chance to aid so great a man, and stepped toward the girl.

"Don't put your hands on me," she said, still calm. "If it's the law that I must ride in the old gentleman's car—then I will ride in it, I suppose. What does it matter?"

She stepped into the car, and stepped on the black silk hat.

"Mike will throw her back into the street for that," McLaughlin thought. And the thought sorrowed him. Now that he had caught a glimpse of the girl's face he thought more charitably of her.

Mike picked up the hat and held it for a moment, dented, broken, soiled, the dirty print of a sole upon its shiny nap. He regarded it ruefully, started to brush it, and then did an amazing thing. He threw it at the nearest ash can.

"Drive us home, Mac," he said. "And take your time."

"I suppose you are the commissioner of police," the girl said. She was lying back against the soft cushion. Her eyes were closed. Her hands were in her lap. "Well, it's all right. Everything will be all right. I'll have something to eat. I'll have a ride. My feet won't hurt so much."

Mike Cahill put up the window.

"It's Michael Cahill I am, and no policeman. What's your name? And don't tell me it's Mary Smith."

"It's Natalie Smith," she said.

"**H**UM! Well, Smith or Jones or Robinson—or Morgan or Ford or Rockefeller or Chumley-Chumley-Smythe—there's something in you I didn't expect. You're not afraid, you're not."

"No."

"There's fighting blood in you. And I love fighters. John L. Sullivan was my friend. And Jimmy Corbett the actor. It's fighters I love, them with the heart and the will to fight, them that fight with their backs to the wall, that win or die with the strength or the weakness of their hearts, but never quit till they drop. Do you know what I'm saying to you?"

A little warmth crept into the girl's voice as she replied, and she straightened, and turned to look at him.

"You talk of fighting! You ride in a wonderful car. You have servants. Even the policemen do as you say. Did you ever try to lick New York without a dollar in your pockets, with feet that burned and a stomach weak from lack of food, with no place to sleep but the park, with no clothes but those you have on?"

"And no friends to beg from, and no chance to steal?" he finished. "Aye, that I have—and licked it, too. Is it Irish you are, or Swede?"

"Irish and Scotch and French and gypsy and German and English!"

"You're a hash. But the Irish sticks out of you in lumps. It's the Irish are the fighters in this world."

"I'm mostly English," she said. "My grandfather was a colonel in the Scots Guards, and a general in the Union army in the Civil War."

"And generals die in bed. I'm not—"

"He died when he was ninety," she interrupted. "He was wounded twenty times, but he was married four times after the war, and he had twenty sons. He died when he was ninety and he didn't die in bed. If you're not a police commissioner, where are you taking me, and why?"

"We'll come to that. Have you any religion at all?"

She shook her head.

Mike Cahill smiled. "So much the better. They'll hate that. They'll bite each other with the hate of it. And may there be poison in each bite. You're not married?"

"No."

"Then it's married you'll be this afternoon."

At first she did not think she had understood him cor-

rectly. But the look in his eyes confirmed the meaning of his words.

"You want to marry me?"

"And 'tis a great bargain you're getting in me, Miss Natalie Chumley-Chumley-Smythe. Half the debts on Park Avenue would be glad to have the chance. I'm old and crude and rough, but I've millions—do you see?—hundreds of millions. And I make the monkeys at the City Hall run up my coconut trees for me whenever I want them to. Have you never heard of Ebb-Tide Cahill? Then it's not long you have been in New York."

"But—" she started.

"I'm all alone," he went on. "I haven't a friend in the world. I've been a widower these twenty years. My son is a blackguard and hates the sight of me. My brother is a thief and a fool. Why shouldn't I marry you?"

She stared at him, still unbelieving.

"But why should you?"

"Maybe it's the looks of you, the proud, arrogant walk of you going down the street—Oh, I followed you for a block or so before I stopped you."

"And maybe it's the lip you gave me, the calm, hoity-toity 'don't put your hands on me' talk. It's a fighter you are. That's why."

She leaned back again and again closed her eyes.

"But why should I marry you?"

Mike Cahill banged his blackthorn on the floor of the car.

"Oh, it's romance you want, I suppose. A young man with the glamour of love on him, a boy to walk with you in the moonlight, a lad to grow old with you, a handsome wild young loafer to hold you tight and lie to you and give you children."

"Oh, please," she cried, springing erect again, "please don't say that!"

"Aye. I thought so. 'Tis romance brought you to this—that you walk the streets of the slums, that your belly aches for meat, and your feet are blistered, and your clothes worn thin. Romance! Faugh! Oh, don't be worried that I'll bother you. 'Tis not a woman I want—"



only a widow." She was silent, but emotions twitched in her face.

"Well?"

"Half an hour ago," she said, "I was walking toward the river, hoping that—hoping, praying—trying to—No matter! And now a man I never saw before and never heard of asks me to marry him for his money!"

"Money!" he cried, the tip of his cane beating sav-



ROBERT A. CAMERON



NATALIE wanted to cry out that this marriage was blasphemous, crazy, impossible. She wanted to laugh at herself.

key, and pushed it cautiously inward, waited until his bride-to-be and his chauffeur had crossed the threshold, then closed it as cautiously.

"Biddy!" he called.

A WOMAN in the back of the house yelled some sort of answer.

"Come here!" Mike called. He placed his black-thorn tenderly on an ancient table, and turned to the chauffeur.

"Get Bob Shannon here immediately," he said. "Tell him to drop whatever he's doing and come. Then get the marriage-license clerk, Dowd of the First National, and Father O'Shea. Tell the license clerk to bring all

agely on the floor of the car. "Aye. Marry my money! My yacht! My house! My mortgages! My bonds and stocks! My stables! My kennels! My banks!"

She reached up wearily and took off the white straw, and her black hair came tumbling down. Her nose began to crinkle. And she laughed and cried at the same time.

"Sold," she said. "Sold for millions of dollars—and a yacht—and a house—and stables and kennels thrown in for good measure! Sold to an old man who could have bought me for a sandwich and a glass of milk!"

II

MIKE CAHILL'S house was a great pile of stone blocks, colored windows, and iron bars, Natalie thought. It looked like a jail. She shivered as she trailed the old man up the worn front steps. Mike opened the door with his

his tools. The young lady is going to be married here at once."

McLaughlin's thumb made the sign of the cross on the lapel of his uniform coat, but no surprise showed in his face, nor any sign of emotion. He bowed and left the dingy little room.

"I have but the two of them," Mike Cahill said: "McLaughlin and Biddy Murphy. 'Tis all I need. Sure, I could have dozens of butlers and valets and majors domo if I wanted them. Mouthy cockneys with stockings on—like fat old women—and knee pants."

His eyes narrowed in an effort at satire. The white tufts of hair over his eyes stood up as though he had pulled them with strings. His mouth screwed up for mockery and his voice became falsetto.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

[THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA]
Continued from page fifteen

"Chivers, me 'at and stick! Jimes, draw me bawth! Hi s'y, show 'im into the lib'ry, Meadows, and hawsk 'im to wite.' Sure they'd have me talking like them in no time, the devil take them. But if you want them, hire them and be damned to you. Biddy! What the hell ails you? Are you deaf?"

Biddy appeared in the doorway, a fat and healthy woman of middle years, garbed in white that deepened the red of her face and neck and arms by contrast. There was a great spoon in her right hand. Her face beamed with good nature.

"Who cud be deaf in this house?" she demanded. "And ye bellerin' like the bull of Bashan! Is it hungry ye are? God bless me! A young lady—and the room so dark I cudn't see her. It's me that is beggin' your pardon, ma'am, most humbly."

"And letting your tongue run on and on!" shouted Mike. "Don't stand there like the pillar of salt you are, Biddy Murphy, the image of Lot's wife, the damned rubberneck. Take the young lady to the room next to mine, and bring her up a tray."

"Ye can sit down to your lunch in a minute, the two o' ye. Sure, it wasn't this early I was expectin' ye."

"Scut! Will you do as you're bid? The young lady's hungry. Stop your gab and take her to her room."

Natalie wasn't curious about the little dark reception room, nor the beaming, stubborn housekeeper. The smell of food was in her nostrils, tantalizing, cruel.

"Up with you now!" cried Mike, giving the housekeeper a shove.

She thrust the spoon into his hands angrily.

"Then it's yerself will watch the soup," she said; "and mind that it doesn't burn or spill over."

She started up the stairs, vigorous, bounding with energy, talking all the way. Natalie followed slowly. Her thighs ached, and the calves of her legs. She paused at every landing to catch her breath and to ease her legs.

The stairs led up from the dingy little reception room to a dark corridor, narrow and long, and then to other stairs that went up two flights more.

"Is it far?" Natalie asked at the first landing.

"Far?" Biddy Murphy wiped her face with her apron, and laughed. "The bedrooms are all on the top floor. 'Tis a crazy-built house, this one. Mike built it fifty year and more ago. There's but the one good room in all the place, a room three stories high. Mike built it so he cud hang up a foine tapestry on the wall. Oh, it's purty in a way. But to build a whole house like this one around a tapestry—sure, it's carrying things far! And all the rooms except the lib'ry narrow and dark and—and old-fashioned as sin."

"And you must come up all these stairs again to bring me something to eat? It's a shame. I could have eaten in the kitchen."

"God love ye! But I'm used to them."

NATALIE threw herself on the bed as soon as she had been shown her room—a narrow room with nothing in it but a bed, a dressing table, and a chair. The windows were of colored glass, and the sun showed the pattern of bars outside. The walls were papered.

A tiny bathroom opened on the room, a bathroom without a window. The tub was zinc-lined, incased in a wooden frame.

"This is like the queen's room in the palace at Versailles," she thought. "No bigger, no darker, no drearier. But the bed is soft."

She took off her shoes. If she could only lie here, and never get up! Her eyes closed. Her body relaxed. But when she heard Biddy's heavy feet coming up the steps again and smelled the savory odor of coffee she was wide awake, tense, conscious only of hunger.

She sprang off the bed, seized the tray, and began at once to pour coffee from the vacuum bottle into the dainty china cup.

Biddy watched her, saying nothing, then went into the bathroom, turned on the light, and let the water run into

the tub. She went out silently, to return with her apron filled with soap, powder, brushes, lipstick, rouge, witch-hazel, and towels. Natalie absorbed in eating and drinking, didn't notice her, didn't hear her.

When she had eaten all she could, and had finished the coffee, she tore off her clothes and stepped into the tub and lay there, tears of unaccustomed happiness in her eyes. It was so wonderful to have a full stomach and to feel the luxury of hot water again! It was so miraculous to be able to do nothing, to think of nothing, to feel nothing but hot water and peace.

She was still in the tub when Biddy returned, but now she was lazily rubbing the scented soap over her body.

"The old man's been shopping for ye," Biddy said. "He went out himself and bought every blessed thing. I doubt if anything will fit ye—but it's all of the best."

Her tone was surly. Natalie heard her opening bundles, breaking strings, tearing paper, kicking boxes across the bare floor. She went on soaping herself. Presently she looked up to see Biddy standing in the doorway, looking at her.

"And ye're marryin' him!" she said.

Natalie dipped the sponge into the soapy water and squeezed it out on her shoulder.

"I'm marrying his money, his yacht, his house," she said.

"'TIS sorry I am for ye," Biddy said. She took the sponge from Natalie, rubbed soap on a brush, and began to scrub Natalie's back. "The priest is down below, and the lawyer—young Bob Shannon—and a man from the license beaury. And the old man is making out his will, and giving ye a checking account, and a trust fund, and God knows what else."

"A yacht," said Natalie. "And a house. And the stables. And the kennels. And—"

"And Biddy Murphy," the old woman said angrily. "And Malachy McLaughlin. And the car. And maybe a blackthorn, but not his best one. Aye, and him siventysomething and ye no more than nineteen. An old man and a child!"

"A ham sandwich and a glass of milk!" said Natalie.

Biddy seemed to understand.

"And there's a diamond necklace lying in there on the bed, Mike Cahill paid a quarter of a million for. Cash! And the most beautiful red dress ye ever saw, and red stockings, and red satin slippers, and underwear made by the Frenchies, and earrings that are real rubies, no less."

The woman broke into tears.

"Poor child! Poor child! There's nothing but trouble for ye. I can't see anything else. 'Tis youth ye were made for, and love, and the bearin' of children. 'Tis fair undecent. Ah, it's not yerself I'm blaming. 'Tis him,

the dirty, mean curmudgeon of a man! Let me dry ye now, and powder ye. How thin ye are, child! But it's the beautiful body ye have, and the kind, sad face on ye!"

Biddy dropped the towels, and in a paroxysm of grief clutched the girl to her and held her.

"Ah, it makes me think of me own weddin'. How different it was! We were both young, and me dhroopin' like a lily at the sight of him, and all in white—not in dirty red—and him that proud of me he cudn't keep it out of his eyes."

Natalie patted the big shoulders gently.

"I know," she said.

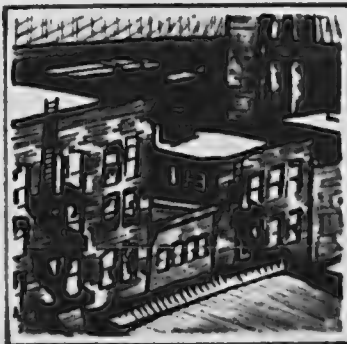
They dressed Natalie in silence and in silence they descended the stairs.

Mike Cahill was in the library, a long narrow room, well lighted, lined with books, the windows decorated with the crests of Irish families. He was seated at a long narrow oak table with Father O'Shea and Bob Shannon, his lawyer, and Vincent Brown, the marriage-license clerk. They were drinking Irish whisky.

The four men rose as Natalie entered the room.

"My wife, gentlemen," Cahill introduced her.

He pulled up a chair for her, a chair with a high back, a green leather chair with oaken legs.





HE confronted her with angry mien. "Where are you going?" he demanded. She looked at him calmly.

"This is Father O'Shea."

Natalie held out her hand and felt the priest take it. She did not see him. His features were a blur.

"This is Mr. Shannon, my lawyer."

Shannon's face was not blurred. It was clear-cut, human, sympathetic, the only human face in the room, she thought.

She let her hand linger in his. She felt that she wanted to see him again, alone. She wanted to tell him all that had happened to her. She felt she could confess to him everything she had done. She never could confess to Father O'Shea.

She never afterward remembered meeting Vincent Brown. She could remember a man asking her many questions. She could remember herself answering them, giving her name, her birthplace, the date of her birth, the names of her parents, the places of their nativity. But she could remember that but dimly.

SHE could remember clearly, though, how she fought the impulse to laugh at all these solemn men, the frantic wish to take Bob Shannon aside and weep, and tell him she didn't want to marry Ebb-Tide Cahill; she didn't want to marry anyone. She wanted only to go upstairs and sleep, and dream no dreams, and never wake.

"Drink?" Cahill asked.

"No, thanks."

"All right, then—we'll be married now."

He took her arm and led her out of the library, through a long, dim corridor, into a room blazing with light, a room perfumed with freshly cut flowers.

It was a room with a ceiling high as the sky, she thought, a ceiling lost in the gloom, a ceiling hidden with cobwebbed arched oak beams. There was an organ somewhere, and Malachy McLaughlin playing the wedding march. The lights dazzled her, hurt her, bewildered her.

She realized she was standing on a stair landing, in front of the priest, with Mike Cahill by her side. Back of the priest hung a tapestry. There was a sweet-faced

girl with a baby in her arms. There was a man with a beard, a man in a robe. There were other men kneeling, one of them evidently an Ethiopian. There were little cupids, and horses, and oxen, and a brood of chickens.

The cupids went high up, up to the gloom beyond the oaken beams. Cupids? No, they were angels. And the girl with the child in her arms was the Virgin Mary. And the child was Christ. It must be Christ. Yes, there was a halo around His head. And there was a halo about the heads of the Virgin and the man with the beard. That would be St. Joseph. And those men kneeling were the

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

[THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA]
Continued from page seventeen

Three Wise Men of the East. Of course! That would account for the big star shining down on the Child.

Natalie wanted to cry out that this marriage was blasphemous, crazy, impossible. She wanted to laugh at herself, a girl in scarlet, with diamonds around her neck and rubies hanging from her ears, looking at the virgin mother of Christ. The priest prompted her, saying in a whisper, "I do."

"I do," she responded mechanically.

In a moment it was over. She was Mrs. Michael Cahill. "Mrs. Ebb-Tide Mike." She was once more in the library, and her hand was again in the hand of young Bob Shannon, and she was talking to him, and he to her; and she still wanted to laugh and to cry and to go upstairs and sleep.

And in another moment she was in the car, and there was something unfamiliar in her hands. She looked at it. It was a check book. Oh, yes! Mike had given her the check book. The figures were written on the first check stub. One hundred thousand dollars. One hundred thousand dollars! She was Mrs. Ebb-Tide Mike, and she was going out in her own car to shop with a hundred thousand dollars. She was going to shop, and then she was going home and sleep. She wouldn't have to get up in the morning. It wasn't true! It was true!

"Drive me to the Polyclinic Hospital," she said suddenly.

She sat looking for a long time at the red-brick wall of the hospital, and she cried a little and laughed a little. And—

"Take me away from here," she said. "Take me home!"

McLaughlin let her in. He opened the door as cautiously as Ebb-Tide Mike had done. He bowed, and left her standing in the dark little reception room, and went out, closing the door carefully.

Natalie heard voices in the library, voices of men. Her husband was laughing. She started slowly toward the stairs, dreading the ordeal of them, the ache in her legs. She paused and clung to the newel post, and Ebb-Tide Cahill's voice came to her plainly.

"A woman of the streets," he was saying; "a scarlet woman! I told them I'd marry the first harlot I saw on the streets and give her every cent I had in the world. And I've done it. Now let them tear out their hair and be damned to them."

Before she realized what she was doing she had rushed into the library, and was confronting the old man, and trying to talk to him, and trying to control herself. But no words would come. She could but stand and stare at him and ball her hands into fists.

MIKE CAHILL made a gesture, as though he were reaching for his stick, or for his hat. But the black-thorn wasn't there, and he had thrown his hat away.

"It was not meant for your ears," he said, but without any hint of apology. "But eavesdroppers never hear good of themselves." His voice grew stern. "Who let you in?"

She made no answer. She turned and left the room, and hurried up the steps. Shame made her forget weakness and pain. Anger gave her strength.

She threw herself on the bed when she reached her room, and sobbed, then sprang up and tore the diamonds from her throat, and the rubies from her ears, and the crimson apparel from her body. She threw them one by one on the floor, and fell asleep, telling herself that when morning came she would give Mike Cahill back all that was his, and return to that street that went so straight toward the river.

She awakened to find a man shaking her roughly by the shoulder.

"Come on," he was saying. "Come on, sister. Don't try to kid me. You ain't asleep. Snap out of it."

She tried to rise, then remembered she had gone naked

to bed. But she wasn't naked now. She was clad in a nightgown that was unfamiliar to her, a white starched linen nightgown much too big for her.

She was confused, seeing the nightgown and the face that bent above her. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"Huh!" the man said. "That's good. Playing innocent, are you? Get up."

With a strong sudden yank he pulled her out of the bed, on to the floor. And for the first time Natalie noticed that her ankles and her wrists were tied with ropes.

"Burglars!" she said.

The man laughed.

"I was waiting for you to say that."

He took the ropes from her. They came untied so easily he laughed. She stood up. Her husband lay on the floor. She knew that he was dead.

Near him lay a revolver.

She looked at him a long time, hand pressed tight against her cheek, head bent, her black hair falling all about her in disorder.

"It was his son who killed him," she said. "He was the burglar."

"That puts you right in the chair, sister," the man said. "His son's been dead four or five years. And they never come back."

"But—"

"IF I was you, girlie, I'd put on my clothes. The inspector will be here any minute now. Go ahead. Dress! I can't let you out of the room. I can't let you out of my sight. But it's all right. I'm a married man, and the likes of you

is no treat to me."

"But—"

"Don't stand there. Get your clothes on. You're under arrest for murder"—he flashed a star—"and if you won't dress yourself I'll do it for you."

Slowly Natalie walked toward her garments. She sat down in the chair, and put on the scarlet stockings and slippers, then the underwear.

She took off the hideous nightgown, and donned the torn scarlet dress that was her bridal gown. She went to the mirror and combed her hair, then looked on the floor for her earrings and her necklace.

They were not there. Perhaps Biddy had put them away when she had put that nightgown on her. Biddy had placed her clothes neatly on the chair. It must have been Biddy. Who else? She must have the jewels.

"But maybe the burglar got them," she said aloud.

"Got what?"

"My diamonds. My rubies."

"Say, who the hell are you, anyway?" the detective asked in a voice he had not used before.

"I am Mrs. Michael Cahill. I married him this afternoon."

"Oh! I didn't know. I just took it for granted that—"

Natalie threw back her head and laughed and cried.

"Of course you did," she said. "Of course! Of course! Look at me! He dressed me in red—to tell all the world that I am—what you thought me."

She was still laughing and crying when the inspector arrived with his men. Inspector Sichel was neither so old as his sandy hair pretended, nor so young as his bright blue eyes. He was a little man with a surgeon's goatee, a brigadier's back, and a plumber's hands.

He was bareheaded and in evening dress.

"Stop laughing," he said to Natalie. "And stop crying."

She obeyed, but her teeth began to chatter and her hands to tremble.

The inspector glanced from the girl in the chair to the body on the floor, then turned to the detective.

"What you find, Harrison?"

The next few seconds are crucial. Harrison's words may show Natalie a way out, or convince her that she is doomed. Next week's installment of the story will tell you what he said.



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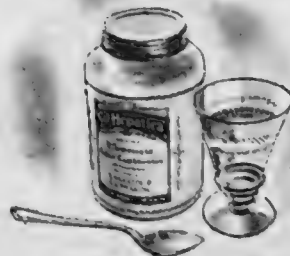
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Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation—take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, gently, the wastes will be flushed away.



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To relieve congestion which causes so many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.



COLDS

The first step in clearing a cold is to flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Continue before breakfast to keep free of congestion.



BAD COMPLEXION

To keep the bloodstream clear of impurities that often cause blemishes, take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water—for a week, or as long as necessary.



RHEUMATISM

As an eliminant, flush the system with 2 to 4 teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls before meals and retiring.

He Saw the Czar

*The Startling Confession of a Romanoff Guard
Who Strangled a Grand Duchess with Her Own Beads*

As told to THEODATE GEOFFREY

By MARINE YURLOFF

(Reading time: 7 minutes 15 seconds.)

WE lived at Moscow. My father was connected with a bank there. When things began to look badly in the autumn of 1917, he looked ahead and made plans a little, as much as he could; everything was so uncertain in those days.

The message came one day. He sent us word at our house that fighting had broken out in the streets. We must go at once, taking the few necessities and valuables that had been got together. A train was to leave for Siberia; he would join us, and we would go by way of Japan to America.

There was a train. My mother, my aunt who lived with us, and I got on board. It was crowded with refugees. After a time it started, but my father had not come. I have never heard of him again.

The train moved slowly eastward. Conditions were very bad. It was cold; there was not enough food; the crowding was terrible. Sickness broke out. My mother and aunt became ill. It was typhus, and everyone feared it. We were put off somewhere in Siberia, but our baggage was not hunted out and left with us.

I stayed with my mother and aunt until they died. It was not long, because there was nothing to be done for them—no doctor, no medicine, no comforts. They died and I was alone.

The people in the small village near the station knew that I was a refugee; we had been on the train, you see. You have heard of the nationalization of women? Well, it happened to me. I was "nationalized."

I can't tell of that; it is like a hopeless nightmare. But, passed from hand to hand, as it were, presently I met a man who became my—what shall I say?—not my protector but my possessor.

He was a man whose ruthlessness and strength set him above the others. He took and held what he wanted. He was not unkind to me; in fact, in his way, he was very good to me. As long as I stayed with him, I had warm clothes, food such as was to be had, and shelter.

Where he went I followed; willingly, yes, because there was nothing else I could do.

My man was a soldier. I heard from him that the Czechs were fighting under Admiral Kolchak; that they had set up a government at Omsk to fight the soviets in Siberia. But it was all far away and unreal; he told me they would not last long.

We moved about a great deal. As the summer of 1918 came on, we moved to a town called Ekaterinburg. We would stay here a while, he said; but he did not tell me why. I suppose he never trusted me.

We had a room in a house; and he had regular hours for being away and for being at home. I cooked for him and washed; one day went by like the next. The Czechs were getting near, he said; soon there would be a big fight.

One day in July he was around the house all day. In the afternoon he lay down to sleep. He was to be on duty that night, he said; he would get some rest first. I cooked his supper. Had I known the "duty" before him I think I could have killed him as he slept.

After supper he went out. He put on his clothes and strapped his revolver on and went out. It was a Tuesday evening and he did not come back until Thursday night.

In the street there was talk of the Czechs being very near. I thought he had gone to fight them. I was distressed about him; he had always been good to me; he was now the only friend I had in the world.

He came back. It was on Thursday. His face and hands were streaked with black, his eyes were deep sunk and red-rimmed. I do not think he had slept since he left me on Tuesday. He was quite drunk.

I made tea for him and set out food and he ate a little. Then he took up his revolver and began to clean it. And he began to talk. He talked fiercely and cruelly, as though he had to tell this, and to hurt me in telling it.

"They're all dead, the whole brood of them."

"The Czechs?" I said. "Did they kill Kolchak?" For I thought he had been fighting Kolchak's army.

"Nicholas Romanoff and Alexandra Feodorovna and all their brats."

My heart stood still. It was only three weeks since we had come to Ekaterinburg. I knew nothing.

"How did you hear? How do you know?" I asked him. He held up the revolver and glared at me.

"That!" he said. "That knows! It helped. They all came filing down meek as you please, and across the courtyard and down the steps to the door."

"What door?" I asked. What door in Ekaterinburg could he mean that the Czar had passed through?

"The basement door of the big white house. All dressed up for a journey. It's a pity I couldn't have got you one of those fine cloaks or a hat. But Jurovsky burned them all. That's what took so long."

"The other was soon over. You should have seen them, sitting there like stupid sheep, the old woman and her daughters, as though they were waiting for their automobile."

"All of them?" I repeated stupidly. "The Grand Duchesses and the Czarevitch?"

"More than that. There were eleven of them in all. That Dr. What's-his-name, and the ugly maid, and two servants. They chose to stay with them this far; they had to go the rest of the way with them. It didn't take long, I can tell you."

"What do you mean?" says Nicholas, when Jurovsky started to read the warrant to him. He soon found out. They shot him first. Then the others were all in a flurry. They stood up from their chairs then! Twelve of us and eleven of them; they had a chance if they had wanted to put up a fight.

"THAT basement was a bad place for shooting. In a twinkling it was choking with powder smell and smoke, and the noise was bad; it echoed back from the walls. It was good shooting though; they went down in no time—only the boy, he was small, not so tall, and he fell down on his mother's body, shrieking. They had to go close to take aim at him."

I sat stupefied. It was incredible.

"You don't believe me," he sneered, his drunken pride offended. "I brought you a souvenir, though. No one else has one. Jurovsky made us pile everything together for the burning in the woods—everything; all traces destroyed."

He threw three little objects on the table. They rolled

DIE

"I PUT my hands on her throat to choke the life out of her. I felt a string of beads on a chain."

Picture by
CARL PFEUFER



and came to rest gleaming in the light of the lamp.

"One of the girls had less guts than the rest," he said contemptuously. "She saw her father shot and she fainted. She never stood up like the rest; her body slipped down on the floor and the bullets missed her. We finished shooting. They were all on the floor, but I remembered her.

"I went over and, sure enough, she was breathing, without a mark on her yet, but with her eyes closed.

"I put my hands on her throat to choke the life out of her. I felt a string of beads on a gold chain under my fingers, so I twisted them into the flesh till her face turned purple. The chain broke. It was still wound around my fingers where I twisted it, so I shoved the bit into my pocket, and there you are. I've brought you the gold beads of a Grand Duchess."

The rest of Marine Yurloff's story can be condensed. The Czechs were threatening Ekaterinburg. A few days later they captured the city, the Bolsheviki fleeing before them. Marine did not flee. At last her chance had come.

Life with her former protector was intolerable now that she had heard the story of the murders in the cellar. She hid herself from him and joined the Czechs.

By that time she was obsessed with the idea of revenge. The gold beads were a sacred relic to her. She told the Czechs she wanted to fight. They gave her a gun, and for some time she lived, in a man's uniform, as a Czech soldier of the ranks.

One day she was wounded in the right arm. The American Red Cross was in Siberia then; she was taken to a relief station, rescued from a life so unfitted for a young girl, hospitalized, sent back to Vladivostok, shipped on to Japan to be rehabilitated.

There I met her, and she told me this story and showed me the gold beads of the Grand Duchess. Marine Yurloff told me the story in 1920. As far as I know, no accounts had then been printed of the massacre of Ekaterinburg. She could only have known it through actual experience, I think. I left Japan in 1921, and do not know what has become of her.

THE END

ROMANY

*The Story of a Girl Whose
Ship Came Home*

By

DIANA BOURBON

Pictures by HUBERT MATHIEU

(Reading time: 25 minutes 50 seconds.)

THE three men stood on the quayside and watched her coming in.

The warm, sluggish breeze hardly stirred her yellow canvas after she rounded the fort-crowned hill that shelters the Old Port; and at last, to the accompaniment of hoarse cries from on board, the ocher-dyed sails came slithering down. It was like a big yellow bird folding its wings and slowly settling on the water. The regular chug-chug of the auxiliary came to them in a momentary lull of shipping noises along the crowded quay.

The two older men turned and began walking back to her tie-up beside the racing yacht *Windward*—larger, white, and very formal looking. Larry lingered a moment, watching her progress up the narrow basin with a sudden thrill of keen proprietary pleasure. *His boat!*

At least, she soon would be. His first.

Dad, strolling ahead there in immaculate flannels—complete picture of the successful American business man and citizen of the world—dad had promised him one when he got through college. Not before; dad didn't believe in spoiling anyone. But after. *This* was a special reward for having got through pretty darn' creditably. Not that Larry had been hugely moved by scholastic success. Pleased—but without enthusiasm. Just as he had been proud, without losing sense of proportion, over some quite intensive gridiron lionizing.

This was different.

Passionately he loved boats and the sea. They appealed to some spirit of adventure in him: an inherent love of struggle for its own sake, and freedom with a tang to it, characteristic of all the Daimers; and left as unsatisfied by the assured prospect of a career in the family packing business as by the sedate splendor of the family steam yacht, now anchored fifty yards along the quay.

He caught his father's eye, and hastened to join him and the odd compatriot from whom they were buying this yellow-winged bird. The stranger greeted him with a smile, and for the fiftieth time that morning Larry reflected that he was not in the least like *anyone's* idea of a famous author. Not even an avowed eccentric, expatriate, stormy-petrel-of-a-famous-author. In those appalling clothes, with his wispy red hair sticking out anyhow from under a beret that badly wanted brushing, Darryl Monteith looked much more like an out-of-work long-shoreman cadging centimes for a drink.

Here came the boat now—nosing her way in with the assurance of long practice. The name ROMANY stood out in battered gilt on her black-painted hull.

FOR a moment the sea took them as her plaything. The *Romany* bounded wildly from wave to wave. Sobbed her protest as they piled on more and yet more canvas.

"She's a lovely thing!" Watching, the elder Daimer paid the involuntary tribute of the expert to her perfect lines.

Monteith nodded. "Camper and Nicholson built—and they never turned out a finer job. Speedy! You could



race her anywhere and find nothing to stand up to her in her own class. Funny thing, too—speed's an accident. She was designed for cruising, not racing. Nearly twenty years old, too—"

Daimer cut him short by walking down to the water's

edge. He knew all that. They'd been over the Romany twice the day before with the secretary of the Yacht Club, and, in the absence of her owner, pondered tonnage and figures and fitments ever since. The Diesel was new. Fifteen tons of lead on her keel was worth . . .

An incredibly old sailor leaped ashore and made fast, favoring his employer as he did so with a surly nod and

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



"THE hardest part is going to be getting out of the harbor," observed the Oldest Member, watching the start.

"My son," interpreted Monteith, "will be with us directly." He lapsed into an uneasy silence. The old sailor sat down on a coil of rope and stared. Larry began to feel desperately uncomfortable.

And then, suddenly, a weird figure hoisted itself out of the engine pit, and came toward them across the deck. It was very small, and wore a pair of extraordinarily dirty white duck trousers and an old sweater with the sleeves rolled up. It was sunburned almost to an Indian brown, and had great black eyes, and a smudge of oil across one cheek. Red hair, too, stuck out at impossible angles from under a black beret worn on the back of the head.

But it was a warmer, curlier, more exotic red than Monteith's. Everything about the newcomer, in fact, was warm and exciting. Monteith vitalized—raised to the nth degree.

LARRY was just deciding that the mother must have been Spanish and very beautiful, when the apparition spoke.

"You're buying the Romany!" It was not a question but a statement—a passionate accusation. And the voice—low and thrilling, with just the suggestion of a foreign accent. Monteith had said "my son," but the voice was the voice of a woman. A young girl, rather. And it was colored, now, with anger and hurt.

"Skipper!" It came sharp. A warning. Monteith had regained his assurance. Now, with a little laugh, he crossed to the figure in boy's clothes and took her hand. Still laughing: "I want you to know my son," he said. "All the son I have, and a very good one as a rule! But she doesn't want to sell the Romany. Eh, Skipper?"

The girl drew her hand away, and clenched it in front of her till the knuckles showed white. She bowed stiffly in the general direction of the visitors, and said nothing.

"Nevertheless," Monteith went on smoothly, "the Romany has got to go!"

The girl was looking straight at Larry, and he realized with a start that there were tears in her eyes. Then she turned, and walked away from them all. The old sailor stood up as she passed, on his face an expression so different from that it had worn for the three men as to be

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

ROMANY

[Continued from page twenty-three]

the two strangers with a stare of frank curiosity and mistrust.

Monteith seemed suddenly to have lost assurance. He shifted uneasily from one canvas-shod foot to the other, and smiled a deprecating smile.

"My son," he observed suddenly, "will not be pleased. The idea of selling the Romany has already been productive of considerable domestic unrest!"

Then, followed at a distance by both the Daimers, he stepped lightly aboard, and, moving to the companion-way, let out a yell of: "Skipper!"

Muffled sounds answered him from the engine pit farther aft, and the old sailor burst into an explanatory flood of French.

SIR

must wives whisper what husbands fear to tell?

Don't force your wife to face the vital subject of marriage hygiene alone. It is a question for you to face, too, with courage, intelligence and utter frankness.

The very innocence and modesty, which you adore in your wife, may bear the seeds of infinite misery. Far too often, a woman's ignorance of feminine antiseptics means illness for her . . . worry for her husband . . . and the unplanned doctor's bills which raise such havoc with the family budget.

Yet, whom can your wife consult on this delicate intimate subject? Usually, her women friends are as badly informed as herself. And she may hesitate to consult a doctor through needless sensitiveness.

She has only you to turn to . . . Don't fail her. Don't force her to depend on dangerous, whispered half-truths.

It is your duty to give her the facts . . . to tell her the method of feminine antiseptics that is recommended by leading doctors, hospitals and clinics throughout the world.

If you don't know that approved method, learn it here . . . and now . . . before it is too late. Nature excuses no mistakes.

What you must tell her

There is much confusion, much misunderstanding on the subject of marriage hygiene. New preparations appear, make startling claims, are tried, found wanting, disappear. But, year after year, "Lysol" wins new friends among intelligent women, gains wider approval from health authorities. Here are the reasons for "Lysol's" undisputed leadership:

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6. "Lysol" has enjoyed the *complete* endorsement

of the medical profession for over 40 years.

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Nature is cruel and inexorable. Relentlessly it punishes delay and ignorance. For your wife's health, for your own peace of mind, for your mutual happiness, face this problem now. Discuss it frankly with your wife. Consult your doctor (he will approve "Lysol") if you want your judgment confirmed.

Then see that "Lysol" is always in your home. Insist that your wife adopt the safe and gentle "Lysol" method of feminine antiseptics.

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Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of
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ROMANY
[Continued from page twenty-four]

scarcely recognizable. She touched his shoulder lightly—as one might caress the head of a faithful old dog, stepped ashore, and in a minute was swallowed up in the motley Marseilles throng.

Larry found her, hours later, down by the ferry, in a dense packed crowd, watching the Japanese conjurer swallow a lead ball. She was paying no attention to the performance, and started when he touched her arm.

"Hello!" she said, and then turned quite matter-of-factly and walked beside him in silence, back up the quay. Cocktails were being served on the deck of the Daimer yacht as they passed, and Larry made a slight detour in the crowd to avoid being hailed. Everything was quiet on the Romany. The old sailor nowhere to be seen.

"Wait a bit," said the girl, and vanished down the companionway. Larry sat cross-legged on the deck.

She wasn't long, and when she reappeared, her face was clean, the red curls combed, and she wore a frock of some soft white material—very old and unfashionable. None of Larry Daimer's friends would have been seen dead in it, but this girl wore it like a queen. Looking up at her, he thought there was race in every line. She and her boat were both perfect.

She sat down beside him and accepted a cigarette.

"Have you really—got to sell the Romany?" he asked at last.

"Yes." She flicked her ash nervously. Then, pointing behind him: "It's all the doing of that white-faced she devil over there!"

Larry looked round, startled. It was some seconds before he realized that she meant the racing yacht Windward, riding haughtily beside them at her mooring.

"She's got him bewitched—Darryl, I mean. He had a chance to pick her up cheap, and couldn't resist it. He's always wanted a sixty-foot boat. Sixty-foot—!" She repeated it scornfully, adding in the same tone: "She's got three master's cabins aboard her, and an Empire saloon—and a bath! Needs a crew of six men. Darryl can't possibly afford a crew of six—not and this boat too. That's why—" A helpless gesture completed the sentence.

LARRY stirred uneasily. He knew she was still very near tears, and would hate him if he saw her cry. "This must take quite a crew too," he offered lamely.

She seized on the diversion. "Only three. She's a bird, and easy to handle. Lately, Anatole and I have been sailing her alone. But that's hard work."

"Anatole is the old sailor?"

"Yes. He was my nurse!" She laughed at his scandalized expression. "I had to have one, you know—even aboard the Romany."

"You hate to let her go, don't you?" It came involuntarily. The second it was out he could have kicked himself.

For answer she looked at him dumbly, then nodded, and dropped her eyes.

Desperately Larry cast about for something else. "What's your name?" he ventured at last.

"Romany."

"But—"

"That's the name of the boat? Yes. I was called after her." Following a little pause: "I was born on board," she added.

"No wonder you feel this way about— Say, what does your mother think?"

"She's dead." Noticing his quick look of contrition:

"Oh, that's all right. She died when I was a baby—I don't even remember her." She rolled over on to her stomach, lying there on the deck. "She was a Spanish gypsy," she told him suddenly. "So both the boat and I are really named for her."

"I wonder your father'll let her go!" Again he caught himself up. He seemed to do nothing but put his foot into it with this strange, strangely attractive girl.

BUT she only smiled, seemingly not at all annoyed. "That's what I feel," she said. "But Darryl isn't the least bit sentimental. He's been a wild man so long and so systematically, he's really come to believe in the performance himself." She sat up with a laugh. Larry, brought up in a different, stricter school, was mildly scandalized at this objective consideration of a parent.

"Look," he said, "Romany. Would you like it if my dad *didn't* buy this boat? I could fix it. He's really getting it for me."

She stared at him amazedly, as though considering him as a person for the first time.

"But you—you *want* her, don't you?"

"I did. I don't want to take her away from you."

"Why?"

He flushed. "Guess I don't like to see you hurt," he mumbled.

"But why should you care—if I'm hurt?" As he made no answer: "No one else ever has—except Anatole. . . . No,"

she returned to his first question. "What would be the use? If you don't buy her someone else will. Someone who might not care for her so much." She caught herself up. "You *do* like her, don't you?" As he nodded: "And you'll be kind to her?"

She spoke as though the boat were a sentient human being, and as he nodded again, Larry felt that she had really endowed it with life. Perhaps the life of the woman named for it—perhaps only that of the woman it had been named for.

"It was nice of you," reflected Romany, "being willing to give her up for me. You really meant it." After a pause: "There is one thing you could do."

"Yes?"

"Anatole. I've got a feeling Darryl isn't going to take him on the Windward. He's never liked him, you know. He suspects Anatole doesn't approve of him. . . . And Anatole's so old. He'd never get another job, though he's clever. He knows more about sailing than any of these young fellows'll ever learn. He's worth the salt of any *two* ordinary hands—"

"I'll keep him on," promised Larry, "as long as he wants to stay."

This time, when she looked gratefully up at him, the tears ran unashamedly down her cheeks. "Thank you,"



A weird figure came toward them. It wore a pair of dirty white duck trousers.

she said. "He's the only friend I've ever had."

Later, when Larry rose to go, she accompanied him to the stern.

Lingering there: "Are you sure there isn't some way of your keeping her? Suppose your father gets tired of the Windward?"

"Oh, that, certainly. He gets tired of everything and everyone—in time."

"Then?"

"I have no money for upkeep. No way of earning it. He won't give me any. Besides, the Romany belongs to him, and he's going to sell."

"Supposing he *couldn't*?"

She looked at him. Her eyes filled with excitement. "You mean?"

"If dad doesn't buy, but gets a refusal long enough to stave off other offers—and you have enough for upkeep just for a while—"

"Wait a bit!" She moved closer to him, clasping her hands together eagerly. "If the Romany were not sold during the next four days, I might—it's just a chance, but I *might* be able to get that money!"

"How?"

"The Prix du Château d'If." As he seemed not to understand: "The Marseilles sailing regatta," she explained. "Starts tomorrow; the Château d'If Prize is run Saturday. It's a long course out in the gulf—for larger-class yachts only. I've had the Romany entered for months."

"And you think she has a chance to win?"

"WE never have before—but this year Anatole says there'll be dirty weather. You don't *know* what it can be like out there in the gulf. If it's really bad—well, that's our meat! We can stand up to it better than any of these purely race-built craft."

"How much is the prize money?"

"Oh, it's the big local event. Ten thousand francs. Anatole and I could keep her going for *months* on that."

Larry took her hand. "Dad won't close the deal for five days," he said. "If you win that race, he won't close it at all."

"Oh, you—you're *adorable*!" For a second she stood, looking up at him. Then, convulsively, a lithe, brown arm went round his neck, a soft body pressed against his. Amazedly, his senses in a blur, Larry found his lips on hers.

A moment later he was somehow ashore, and the girl had disappeared. He walked home with the blood pounding in his ears. And all evening, sitting out under the striped awning, listening to a dance orchestra on the radio, to the tinkle of ice in glasses, and the soft lap of the waves against the bow, he wondered how it was that his mother's well bred, perfectly groomed friends—exquisite, they had seemed to him only that noon—should suddenly have become so anæmic and ineffectual.

It was Romany who fitted the storm-ridden music of the Valkyrie.

Next morning he found her bargaining shrilly with a fishwife on the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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ROMANY

[Continued from page twenty-seven.]

quay for a piece of lobster. He took over the lobster and a string bag full of mussels; and halfway up the port they ran into one of the Daimler yacht guests, who raised slightly pained eyebrows and would have hurried by. But some spirit of mischief prompted Larry to insist on introductions, and, to his joy, it was not Romany who was confused. Her lips painted scarlet—it seemed to be the only make-up for which she had any use, for her face was innocent even of powder—Monteith's daughter stood there in her tattered frock, with undeniably grubby hands, and with all the condescending graciousness of a crowned head proceeded to put this denizen of another world at ease.

At last: "Come, Larry," she observed. And with her most foreign accent: "Good morning, señora. I hope our friend will bring you to tea one afternoon—on *my* boat." And Mrs. Chambers was dismissed.

Larry couldn't help chuckling as they walked away. "Wherever did you learn to do it? You're perfectly grand!"

"Do what?"

"Put people in their places."

"Oh, that!" She suddenly laughed. Relaxed, slackening pace again. "I've had to so often. Someone's always feeling sorry for me, you see. They find out how I've been dragged up—the whole world knows it, as a matter of fact, from Darryl's books—and they think they'll be clever and patronize me. So I have to get in first. I won't," she flushed darkly, "be patronized by anyone." It was Larry's first intimation that she had so accurately read that lifted eyebrow.

"If the results of dragging up were always so good—" he murmured.

But Romany ignored him. "Do you like bouillabaisse?" she asked. "Then come and have lunch."

AFTER assisting in the cooking of it in the miniature galley, he found that he liked the famous dish very much. They ate in the saloon—a two-berth cabin by night, if required. There was another immediately aft, half divided from it by the engine pit. Crew's quarters were forward, beyond the galley.

Anatole sat with them at table, and made a good deal of noise with his spoon, in spite of eating most of the bouillabaisse by hand, but Larry was flattered to find himself accepted as a friend.

They discussed—gayly—prospects for winning the race on Saturday; sourly—the improvements being daily, hourly, expensively wrought in the Windward, alongside. Anatole spat expressively on to the oilcloth floor. And then, recollecting himself, looked guilty, and rubbed the place carefully with his boot.

Larry wondered if Romany remembered the kiss—and how much she had meant by it, anyway? She gave no sign, and he was still wondering when they went, together, to watch the smaller yachts race.

"There's something fey about you," he told her. "I can't quite make you out."

"No reason why you should!" She laughed up into

the blue intensity of his gaze. "Perhaps I'm really an undine. They're water sprites, you know, and have no souls."

"Haven't you?"

"Watch the racing," was all she would reply. And Larry felt vastly unhappy. He thought about her again all evening, under the striped awning, and answered Mrs. Chambers' barbed inquiry for his "lovely savage" with an almost rude: "She's *alive*, anyway!" that was really meant for himself.

Becoming conscious of his mother's worried scrutiny, he went to bed early to avoid further questioning.

Next day Romany was nowhere to be found. He haunted the yacht, the quay, the market, in a perfect frenzy of impatience, unable to eat—to settle to anything. It was evening before, returning for the hundredth time, he made out the familiar figure sitting drooped in the bows.

He went and dropped down beside her, dangling his legs overboard.

"Where've you been?"

"Walking in the hills." She turned a white, drawn face to his. "It's no use, Larry. Tell your father to close the deal."

"What's happened?"

CAREFULLY she steadied her voice. "Darryl won't let me have another hand. I think he suspects something. We can't tackle the race tomorrow with just us two."

"But—"

"No. I won't take money from you, to beat you with."

"I wasn't going to offer you any. You can take *me*."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll sail with you tomorrow. I'll be your third hand."

"But if we win?"

"I lose. That's all right. I'm going to help you win."

She sat and looked at him. "There never was such a person. I've just *dreamed* you," she said.

It was an hour before Larry rose reluctantly to go; and how they had spent the intervening time he had no idea.

"Till tomorrow," he said, and waited. Perhaps she would repeat the kiss. Tentatively he reached out both hands, but willfully misunderstanding, she took them in hers, turned the palms up. A moment she studied them, and then he felt her start.

"What did you see?"

"Nothing. That you'll be always rich, and successful, and happy—"

"And?"

"That you shouldn't go about falling in love with wild gypsy girls who have had no upbringing."

"What if I'm in love already? So much in love that—"

"You're not," said Romany. "Good night."

Morning dawned gray and windy. A heavy swell had set even the boats in the inner harbor rocking overnight. Outside the breakwater it was venomous. About seven a fine rain began to fall. It settled into a steady downpour, and then the wind rose steadily.

Romany looked worried when Larry joined her and Anatole about nine.

"It's going to be fiendish out in the gulf. I'd rather you didn't come."

"Trying to be insulting?"

"No—it's dangerous. You don't know our weather."

"You're going."

"I told you I was a sailing fool. No; listen! It isn't courage; it's just being plain *dumb*. I've never been afraid of anything in my life, because I haven't sense enough to realize there's anything to be afraid of! You *have*, and you still want to go ahead. That is



An old sailor made fast, favoring his employer as he did so with a surly nod.

courage—but, even so, I don't want you along."

"You talk too much. What time are they going to seal the engine?"

"Ten o'clock."

"And the race starts at noon?"

It did.

By that time it was blowing a full gale; the blue Mediterranean, black for once, pounded wickedly against the breakwater and the rocks outside the Old Port. The rain made visibility poor.

In fact, there had been some acid comment up at the Yacht Club when, following a hurried consultation between officials and starters, it was at last announced that the Prix du Château d'If would be run "as is." It was downright dangerous. On the other hand, what to do? The Marseilles program must be completed this week, and according to the Weather Bureau the storm would last till Monday. Anyway, owners not fancying the buffeting that awaited them out on the open sea could withdraw their craft.

Several did.

"The hardest part is going to be getting out of the harbor," observed the Oldest Member, watching the start through glasses from the Yacht Club veranda. "That wind is very nearly due south."

A BIG two-master was first across the line when the starting gun went—to the accompaniment of a rousing cheer from the bedraggled crowd down by the Suspension Ferry and a scattering of sailors watching from their own rigging. Then another. The Romany, under the command of the wily Anatole, held back with the ragtag and bobtail during this first tacking down the bay.

Half an hour later, casualties already numbering one mast snapped in two, two topsails carried away, and one yacht capsized and out of the running, the competitors were still tacking in an attempt to make the open sea.

"Attendez—attendez—et maintenant!" shrieked Anatole at last. For thirty minutes he had maneuvered for just this position—the one from which they could use that head-on wind. Now, at right angles to the harbor mouth, they skidded across and just through it, barely missing the breakwater. Wheel hard over—they were out!

Then, for a moment, the sea took them as her plaything. The Romany bounded wildly from wave to wave. Sobbed her protest as, obedient to Anatole's hoarsely shouted orders, greatly daring, they piled on more and yet more canvas. Every foot she had.

And at last, gallantly bowing her tall head to this new demand, the yacht gathered herself for a supreme effort—and went scudding away across the angry sea.

"It's given us a swell start," thought Larry. "They'll all be copy-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

ROMANY
[Continued from page twenty-nine]

ing that tack now, but they've got to jockey for position first."

Meanwhile Anatole and the Romany demanded all his concentration. The old man, looking steadily ahead across the Lion Gulf, chuckled, well satisfied with himself.

A great wave met them suddenly. Head on. Washed them from stern to stern.

"Romany!" cried Larry in terror, as he came up dripping. Then he saw her picking herself up from the deck where she had thrown herself, clinging grimly. Their clothes clung to them hamperingly. Streams of water ran from them wherever they moved. They laughed.

A wild exultation took Larry. This was living! And to this, too, Romany belonged.

By three o'clock they had made the lighthouse that was their westernmost goal. Rounded it. Exchanged the pre-arranged signals that would serve to identify each competitor. And were headed back, keeping a sharp lookout for oncoming rivals.

THE wind had shifted a little but was unabated. Flying before it like a great yellow bird, the Romany shrieked, and wailed, and thrashed the water, driving her exhausted crew nearly mad with the demands she made of them. Yet Larry was no more conscious of his torn hands and broken nails than the girl of the strained, shadowed lines into which her face had fallen. This was primitive, and glorious. And they were conquering.

At five they sighted Château d'If.

"Funny we haven't seen any of the other yachts," shouted Larry.

Romany nodded. "Easy enough to miss 'em in this weather; it's a wide course," she said.

Rounding the island, they had some difficulty getting their signals accepted and replied to by the coast guard. Almost as though they weren't expected.

"Maybe we're ahead of time!"

"Ahead?" The girl blazed at him. "Why, we've set up a speed record for the course. We—"

"Who could help it with that wind—once out where you could use it?"

He was able to drop his voice a little now. They had rounded the mill with the fort on top, and were making the shelter of the Old Port.

"Who could help it? I like that! Why, only as galling a lady as the Romany could stand up to it at all."

They were across the line again, now. Shouts greeted them. Staggering with fatigue, pulling on ropes, rolling canvas, in a sort of coma, hardly aware of what he did, Larry noticed the club launch putting out to them.

"YOU'VE won all right," he heard himself say.

"I'm almost sorry! You lose her now."

"I'm not. Look! The reception committee."

The launch was pulling alongside. Weakly Romany crossed to it. Leaned over.

They were jabbering French back and forth excitedly. Larry closed his eyes and didn't attempt to listen. Then the launch was pulling away again, and Romany stood up.

"What's the matter?" He was on his feet in a flash, startled by the ghostly pallor of her face.

"No race."

"What are you talking about?"

"I tell you—no race. We were the only ones who even succeeded in getting out of the harbor. They called it off!"

She began to laugh, weakly, hysterically. "I'll say we made a new speed record! They sent one of those wretched little torpedo boats they keep to guard the municipal harbor after us to tell us, and bring us in—and it *couldn't* catch us! So it just turned around and put back!"

"Then?" He looked helplessly

from her to Anatole, standing there with a stricken face, his old hands—idle at last—hanging loose in front of him. "The prize money?"

"There isn't any! Aren't I telling you? There was no race."

And suddenly leaning against the mainmast, her head in her arms, she began to sob convulsively.

"She's yours after all, Larry—a clean win. Take her. She's your boat."

"Not much use to me," observed Larry dispassionately, "without the crew."

Mrs. Laurence Neal Daimer 2d rolled over on to her

In Liberty Next Week—

When a Woman Was President of the United States

The first of a series of startling revelations of the Wilson regime, based on the correspondence of the President, facts revealed by his associates, and conversations with his confidential adviser,

COLONEL E. M. HOUSE

As prepared and written by

George Sylvester Viereck

For twelve years the events of Woodrow Wilson's final year in the White House have been wrapped in a jealously guarded veil of secrecy. The disclosures of Colonel House and many others in Wilson's confidence have torn away this veil. The inside story of the time of Wilson's illness is to be told at last. Moreover, in succeeding issues it will be followed by revelations equally sensational and momentous:

The truth about the break between Wilson and House.

The interview between House and the Kaiser, which very nearly stopped the World War.

The crisis in which the United States and Great Britain were on the verge of war—and in which Wilson called the British "boobs."

The secret pledge to intervene on the side of the Allies that Wilson gave before his reelection.

The two critical junctures when Wilson was on the point of resigning the Presidency.

These and other amazing contributions to history, all based on the evidence of the highest authorities, including the former Kaiser himself, will appear in Mr. Viereck's articles, beginning in next week's Liberty.

back on the deck of the Romany and looked up at the white terraces of Algiers.

Idly she fingered a batch of press clippings from points west, retrieved that morning from the local American Express.

Picking one at random: "'Heir to Millions Wed in South of France!'" she read dramatically.

"'On Saturday, the eighteenth of August, Laurence'—H'm. . . . Oh, Larry, listen to *me!*—'to Romany, only daughter of America's most distinguished novelist, Darryl Monteith! Don't I sound grand? And how Darryl must be hating all this editorial benediction—after reveling in being an outcast for so long! Poor darling.

"Here's some more: 'The young couple'—that's us, mutt. How do you like being 'the young couple'? I'd say they've got a nerve, myself. You're twenty-three. 'The young couple plan to make their home in New York.' Say, Larry. Where are we going to park Anatole and the Romany while we make our home in New York?"

"In the back yard, of course—stoopid! Everybody keeps a yacht in the back yard in New York. Shove over!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What city is the capital of Illinois?

2—What is the birth stone for February?

3—Where is Rutgers University located?

4—What is narcosis?

5—Which province of Canada extends farthest south?

6—What is the operation known as appendectomy?

7—How many feet in a furlong?

8—What kind of creature is a wol-verine?

9—What gods compose the trinity of the Hindu religion?

10—How many stars in Ursa Major (The Big Dipper)?

11—What is a light year?

12—What is a peccadillo?

13—What is the meaning of hallelujah?

14—What is the name of the largest nerve in the human body?

15—What powerful explosive is sometimes used as a stimulant to heart action?

16—What is a yataghan?

17—Who is President of the Irish Free State?

18—What is an apothegm?

19—What is the source of "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff"?

20—An erg is a unit or measure of what?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

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If You're FIT You Can FLY



Captain W. N. (Bill) Lancaster, the author of this article.

(Reading time: 16 minutes 55 seconds.)

YOU want to fly, eh?

So do the Joneses, the Browns, the Cohens, the Kellys, the Schmidts, and the Rogowskis! Sure! Everybody in America has gone nuts about flying.

Take the Jones family, for example. Mrs. Jones is a janitor's wife. Her husband, herself and the kids live in a small three-room basement apartment in the heart of New York. The walls of the living room are literally papered with pictures of planes and famous pilots.

Your guess is that the kids cut 'em out of the newspapers and magazines found every day on the dumbwaiters? Guess again! The janitor; he's the one who is interested in aviation. Is that your next guess? Well, you're wrong again. It is Mrs. Jones, the janitor's wife!

The woman is absolutely as nutty as a squirrel about what she calls "them beautiful aireoplanes!" How she would love to climb into one—a bright colored one—and take it up solo. But there's not much of a chance, for Mrs. Jones, although only thirty-one years of age, can never go skylarking that way because she is very, very near-sighted. Oh, if wishes were only sky horses, Mrs. Jones could fly!

Then there's Mr. Brown. He lives out in Mineola, Long Island, not far from Roosevelt Field where so many flyers have put down the undercarriages of their planes after history-making flights, or have taken off to write their names indelibly in Aviation's Hall of Fame. Mr. Brown has the upper half of a wooden frame house. Over the roof there is a constant drone of aircraft engines all day long, and often far into the night. But Mr. Brown parks himself in the front room and peacefully reads, while the neighbors wring their hands and complain about the incessant din.

It so happens that Mr. Brown loves airplanes and everything about them. He has a big picture of Lindy on one wall, and a glossy print of Frank Hawks with his famous mystery ship on the other. An autographed photograph, which Elinor Smith decorated with her personal signature after breaking the women's altitude record, is proudly displayed on the top of the upright piano. It's a shame Mr. Brown will never get a pilot's license. He

*An Outline of What It Takes
to Be an Aviator*

By CAPTAIN
BILL LANCASTER

hasn't the backbone to give up parties and late hours.

Oh, and there's Miss Cohen. Her first name is Sally. I was introduced to her at the Detroit Aircraft Show. No human being could have a greater yen to be an airplane pilot. But she is in delicate health, and just won't do anything about building herself up. So she is taboo.

There's Kelly. I don't know his first name. During a flight I made in 1928 from New York to Trinidad, in the British West Indies, I dropped into Miami to refuel. Kelly walked over to my ship and talked with me for some fifteen minutes. He was a young, strapping, red-headed Irishman. He told me that he wished, above all else, to pilot a plane. As I conversed with him I was convinced that his ambition would never be realized. For all his youth and his size, he was a nervous wreck.

And Mr. Schmidt. He lives in Minneapolis. His son is an airplane mechanic. Strange to relate, Schmidt, senior, is the more air-minded. He can tell you more about the past and present of aviation than most recognized experts. But this middle-aged gentleman will never see his name registered among the licensed pilots, although he likes the flying game so much that he would probably accept an invitation to fly the Atlantic backward and upside down in an old Jenny. His heart is weak from the excesses of his younger days.

HOW about Rogowski? Well, young Rogowski will never be privileged to sit at the controls of a plane. Five years ago he became highly interested in aviation. The manual-training division of the public school he was attending conducted a competition which young Rogowski won. This competition held out a silver cup to the boy making the most accurate model of an army Hawk. Rogowski caught his classmates as flat-footed as a duck. The contest was right down his alley. For years he had been making model planes, and the army Hawk he fashioned convinced the principal of the school, and everyone else who examined it, that there was a young genius in the manual-training class.

This incident spurred the boy's ambition, and he made up his mind that he was going to become both a pilot and an airplane designer. The latter he may be, but never a pilot. The doctors who examined him when he started his flying course shook their heads. The boy as an infant had been greatly undernourished, and as a result he received a rating from the medical examiners which meant that he could never crash into the aviation game as a pilot.

There is no place in aviation for a weakling.

The first time I found that out was the very first time I peeked into aviation. That was fourteen years ago,



AN airplane designer he may be, but never a pilot. The doctors who examined him shook their heads. There is no place in aviation for weaklings.

Picture by
CLAYTON KNIGHT

timber. I went before this board with considerable misgivings, as I had no knowledge of engines or airplanes and did not consider myself mechanically inclined. To my utter amazement I was asked no technical questions. All the examining officers wanted to know was the extent of my education and what games I had played at school. They cross-questioned me in detail about the latter, and because I had played football and boxed a little, I was selected as a student for flying.

A SHORT time afterward—in fact, before I had completed my course in the School of Military Aëronautics—I realized the basic wisdom of that examining board of officers. I discovered that if you are fit, you can fly. The hundreds of young men

when flying was in a primitive state compared with its present high development.

The war was on in full blast. I had enlisted in the ranks of the Australian Field Engineers, with which unit I went overseas to the muck and mud of France's shell-torn trenches. To me there was something particularly alluring about the trim little fighting planes which periodically roared over our sector. And there was something clean about the sky. Just how clean the sky seemed to me at that time can be imagined most easily by those who have stood in and lived in the mire of narrow trenches.

One day I applied for service in the Royal Flying Corps, with a willingness to trade the comparatively safe muddy trenches for the skies where death ran rampant. As compensation for the greater risk, I told myself that there would at least be beds to sleep in at night—and better food than bully beef and hard biscuits.

My application was favorably acted upon, and shortly afterward I was ordered to report before a board of officers whose duty it was to select the more likely flying

who were being put through the flying mill of the R. F. C. at that time had little more to recommend them than perfect physical condition. This they did have; otherwise they were promptly rejected. It was a well known fact that the medical examination for admission to the R. F. C. was about the most severe test of physical fitness that a man could be called upon to undergo.

In my days as a flying student I found that after ground school was completed, fifty per cent of the training was physical culture of one kind or another. Early-morning exercise, route marches, trap shooting to coordinate eye and muscle, compulsory squadron games—all the time it was a question of getting into the best physical condition.

Many of the methods used by the wartime examining boards for selecting sound physical specimens as potential flyers are used in these days of peace, when fitness is a prerequisite for the man at the controls of commercial and privately owned and operated aircraft. When a war-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IF YOU'RE FIT YOU CAN FLY]
[Continued from page thirty-three]

time pilot set out for patrol over the enemy lines, he represented an investment on the part of his government of nearly \$25,000. The government, therefore, took great pains that it did not invest this sum in a weakling. A warbird not only had to be sound of body and mind before he was admitted, but he had to keep in condition.

It is to be regretted—but some solution may be forthcoming—that the present-day pilot cannot be compelled to keep fit. The man or woman who now takes over the controls of a plane submits to a physical examination. But between subsequent semiannual physical examinations their will to keep fit is a matter of their good sense and conscience. You can counsel a fool, but you can't legislate such a person into sound judgment. A vast majority of the air accidents which spout all over the front pages of newspapers are directly caused by some fault inherent in the individual, and not by any defect in the structure of modern aircraft. The moral to be drawn is simply this: "A sound body and a sound mind are the greatest insurance an airplane pilot can have."

With the Great War over, I found myself with the British flying forces in India—the name having been changed in the meantime from the Royal Flying Corps to the Royal Air Force. I was stationed at Peshawar on the northwest frontier. Here again was demonstrated the policy of the authorities to keep those in the service in physical shape. The first cat out of the bag each morning was "physical jerks." At all times outdoor games were encouraged. All those who wanted to go through India's summers, which are masterpieces of heat with the omnipresent threat of fevers, played tennis daily, swam or rode horseback; and it was always possible to obtain a ten days' leave of absence to go hunting, as the authorities knew that a hunter couldn't hunt without walking great distances, and a man who walked great distances improved his physique.

Most of the men in our outfit looked on this question of keeping fit not as toil but as a pleasant practice which soon became almost a subconscious habit. Firm muscles and a free mind accompanied me to one of the training camps in Great Britain in 1926, and it fell to my lot to become captain of the boxing team there. After a few weeks of the boxing season, I could see that the enlisted men were in better physical condition than the officers, simply because they took their training seriously.

I determined to back up the team and induced the officers too to get busy. In a short time it seemed that the entire unit was boxing. They boxed at every opportunity, and so large was the turnout of cauliflower gladiators that the resulting team won the championship of the entire service!

LESS than a year after our Flying Corps unit annexed the trophy emblematic of the service championship, I realized the great ambition I had been dreaming of ever since those days when I had looked aloft from the trenches: I got a chance to make a flight from London to Australia.

I had broached the subject of such a flight to several friends in England during the early part of January, 1927. But postwar Britain contained few acquaintances who could see their way clear to back me on such a venture. Then too there was the deterring factor of the great distance, and the added fact that I wanted to try

my intercontinental journey in a small ship. When I merely stated that the flight would cover some 17,500 miles, my friends at the Aero Club shook their heads and gave me a few discouraging digs.

In face of the admittedly great obstacles, I went ahead, gathering up in a piecemeal way what financial backing I needed. During these embryonic preparations, the crowd at the Aero Club was busy wagering different sums that I would never reach Australia. The fact that I was intending to strike out for Australia in a light ship with only a sixty horsepower engine in its nose shot the bet-

ters' odds up to a fabulous degree. Some particularly doubting Thomases were offering several hundred pounds to one that I wouldn't bring the undercarriage of the tiny Avro-Avian down on Australian soil. My morale was admittedly slightly affected as a result of making slow progress in collecting enough funds for the venture, and by the absolute lack of encouragement that was manifest on every hand.

I HAVE every reason to believe that patience is rewarded. One day I attended rather a large luncheon in London. My appetite was somewhat jaded from the slow progress I was making with respect to my flight. A young lady, seated on my right—which was always my lucky hand in the roped arena—began questioning me about the rather inevitable subject of flying. In quite an offhand way I mentioned the fact that I was planning a flight.

"Where are you going?" the young lady queried.

"To Australia."

The words were scarcely uttered when she put in quickly: "I'd like to go along—and I mean that!" There was no doubt in my mind of the sincerity and genuineness of her wish.

Before the luncheon was over I had annexed a business partner and co-pilot, for she was none other than Mrs. Keith Miller, the Australian aviatrix.

As we chatted about the business details of the flight, she was much amused when I inquired with a grave countenance, such as the examining board of Royal Flying Corps officers had worn when they had asked me the same question ten years previously: "What has your physical training been?" I was at once informed that she was an amateur swimmer of some note and a tennis exponent of tournament caliber. That was enough. She came on the flight.

It is fitting to remark, for the benefit of the thousands of young women in America who aspire to join the already lengthy list of girl pilots, that Mrs. Keith Miller remained in perfect health throughout the grueling air argosy of 17,500 miles from England to Australia. Furthermore, it was she who was responsible for the suggestion that the flight be continued to Tasmania, thus establishing a long-distance record for light planes.

That leg of the flight which brought our undercarriage down on the soil of Australia is one which most women flyers, and most men too, would regard with the greatest awe. To reach the mainland of the Island Continent, it was necessary to make a hop across the Timor Sea. This meant a water crossing of 600 miles in the tiny land plane which had, as I have stated, an engine of only sixty horsepower! During this perilous journey—for a forced landing would have meant something very akin to good-bye forever—my feminine co-pilot flew the plane half the time, and exhibited the greatest fortitude and coolness.

Mrs. Keith Miller has done some exceptional flying in the United States during the last two years. Pitted



Mrs. Keith Miller and Captain Bill Lancaster at Hobart, Australia, on the completion of their great flight from England.

against some twenty of the leading test pilots on one of the recent Ford tours, she finished in the first ten—well in front of half her male competitors. Subsequently she broke the transcontinental record for women. Weighing only ninety-eight pounds, this diminutive aviatrix owes her success in the air to the fact that she keeps physically fit.

Considerable discussion has arisen of late regarding the age at which a pilot ceases to be efficient. Then, too, there is considerable controversy as to whether an individual of middle age or beyond can break into the game of aviation. The younger element in aeronautics contends in no uncertain terms that men who became pilots ten years ago are now approaching a "mental deadline." The young frown, too, on the judgment of a man of forty or fifty who takes up the rigorous task of piloting aircraft.

Several stories have lately been written, each with a dogmatic message that youth is the chief factor in the make-up of a pilot. From sources entirely outside the aeronautical world, alleged proof is gathered. One prominent leader in American life wrote not so long ago that it was tough to be fifty. The United States Steel Corporation recently placed an age limit on its executives. Sport writers have cited the general rule that most competitive athletes are through at thirty-five.

DURING my moments as a spectator at various athletic events, I have had many opportunities to judge as to whether the older competitors were capable of matching stamina and skill with their younger rivals. Some time ago I watched a baseball game in Philadelphia and was told by one of Connie Mack's most faithful followers that Jack Quinn was hovering close to fifty; but what a master of the art of pitching he still was! Some of the young blood that sneers at the possibility of age accomplishing the deeds of youth should have seen this old master of the spitball.

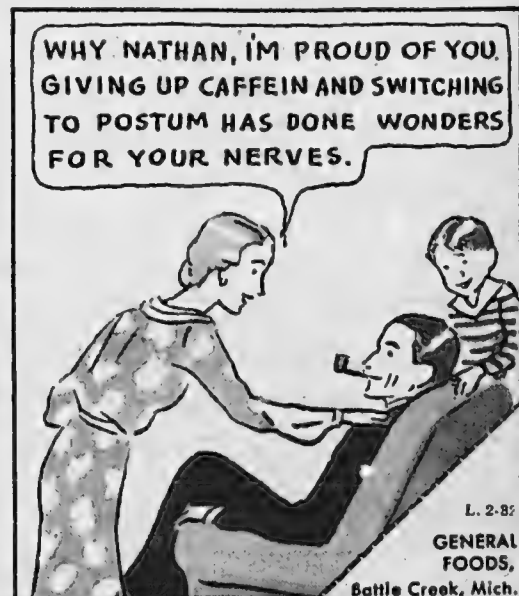
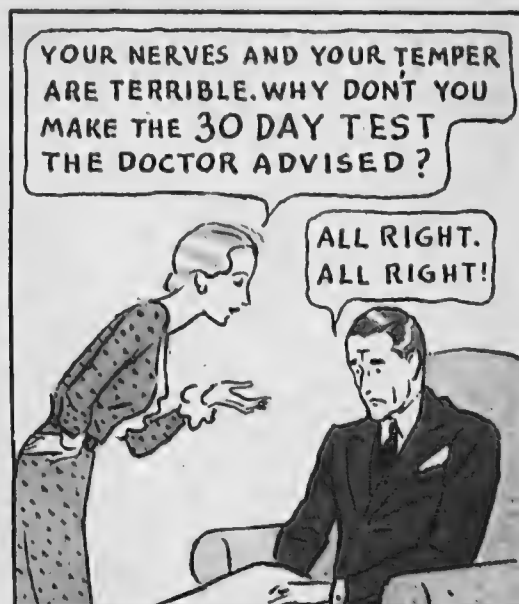
I very well recall the feats of Matt McGrath at the Olympic Games when at an advanced age he tossed the weights and made the youthful giants wish they could do nearly as well. When Clarence DeMar was well over forty he trotted the Marathon distance over the roads outside Boston and left all opponents far in the background. A man hasn't enough fingers in his entire family to count on them all the "old boys" in athletics who have given their juniors sound lessons during the last two years.

This business of age is something that has been taken too much for granted. There are so many people in this world who do not keep themselves in physical trim that their numbers create the impression that man is not capable of bodily heroics when he reaches forty or fifty.

Aviation undoubtedly calls for more in a man than any other one line of endeavor; still, there is many a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

~ ~ NERVOUS NATHAN ~ ~



OFTEN "NERVES" AND "GROUCHINESS" ARE DUE TO CAFFEIN. CAFFEIN STIMULATION MAY BE INTERFERING WITH THE REST YOUR BODY NEEDS, WHIPPING YOUR NERVES, SPOILING YOUR DISPOSITION. THOUSANDS OF MEN AND WOMEN HAVE AVOIDED CAFFEIN STIMULATION BY TURNING TO POSTUM. FOR POSTUM CONTAINS NO CAFFEIN. TRY IT FOR 30 DAYS, SEE HOW MUCH BETTER YOU FEEL. ORDER FROM GROCER OR MAIL THE COUPON FOR A WEEK'S FREE SUPPLY. POSTUM IS A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
 INSTANT POSTUM . . . ☐ Check which (prepared instantly in the cup)
 POSTUM CEREAL . . . ☐ prefer you (prepared by boiling)

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____
 FILL IN COMPLETELY—PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS
 In Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ont.

L. 2-83
 GENERAL
 FOODS,
 Battle Creek, Mich.



... clean teeth better!

● Tek teaches you a thing or two about bristles. See how long they last—how they keep their power after months of hard, effective use. You expect and will get better results from these fine quality first-cut bristles. You'll feel and see the double value in Tek's BETTER BRISTLES and BETTER SHAPE. Tek costs no more than your old brush. Sterilized, Cellophane-sealed, guaranteed. For your children, Tek Jr. is the correct brush.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



the modern tooth brush

[IF YOU'RE FIT YOU CAN FLY]
[Continued from page thirty-five]

pilot over the theoretical age limit of human efficiency who can give the younger set an advanced lesson at the controls of a plane. These men to whom I refer are men who have kept themselves fit as a fiddle, and have lived as nature intended they should.

Some friends of mine in the army who are pilots are worried by the increased suspicion on the part of army authorities that forty is the last year in which a man should fly—at least, in combat formation. They feel themselves mentally and physically able to continue in the game. They find it difficult, however, to plead their own cause. Knowing them, seeing them, meeting them, one wonders at the appalling lack of observation on the part of superiors who would condemn them. They are men who have lived superior lives. They are men hard of muscle, keen of eye; men of the outdoors, as physically capable at forty as any of the youths who would advocate replacing them.

THERE are a few who keep abreast of the times who have not read with something of amazement the recent achievement of that genial Irishman, Sir Horace Plunkett. Although seventy-one years of age, this well-preserved man, whose life has been a model of conservative physical practices, went to a London flying field and was granted a certificate of airmanship after completing his aerial training! There is many a man of Sir Horace Plunkett's age who is tottering around in a state of physical depletion and mental stagnation; and it is also a fact that there is many a younger man whose condition of health is considerably below that of Sir Horace.

Citing the examples of men of forty, fifty, and beyond whose prowess, keenness, and stamina put to shame their younger fellow citizens

would require a small volume. Many of these are in the flying game. They are in it because they are hale and hearty. There is Major General James E. Fechet, former chief of the United States Army Air Corps—a hard-driving, powerful, energetic man, now in his fifty-fifth year but still a pilot of engaging skill.

There is Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics of the United States Navy; he has seen his sixtieth summer and

is as keen physically and mentally as any man of half his total of years. Admiral Moffett will soon be eligible for retirement—why, one scarcely knows.

THERE is Brigadier General Benjamin D. Foulois, who recently conducted the maneuvers of the army squadrons over the cities of the East and Middle West; a mind like a steel trap, a body that contains a seemingly inexhaustible store of energy.

There is not one of these men with whom I would not fly at any hour of the day or night, knowing full well that they can pilot aircraft with consummate cleverness and unvarying judgment.

No, piloting a plane is not a matter of age. It is a matter of physical condition. The man or woman who keeps fit *can* fly; and to keep fit is no burden upon any individual who knows the indescribable joy

of bristling vitality, clear mind, perfect reflexes, priceless coördination—health! No man can go very far as a pilot who prefers excesses to a profession or recreation such as aviation. Time and the law of averages will remove the unfit pilot at the controls.

And the good sense of aeronautical executives and the judgment of the public will read him out of the aviation party.

There is no place in aviation for the weakling!

THE END

Liberty now offers

\$100 to \$500

A piece

for **Short Short Stories**

THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to **SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Trapped

A Short Short Story

By

GRANVILLE FORTESCUE



who left college to join Roosevelt's Rough Riders, served fifteen years in the army, was Roosevelt's military aide, a war correspondent, an explorer, saw service in the A. E. F., and retired from army life as a major in 1928 to devote himself to writing.

(Reading time:
5 min. 29 sec.)

"PUT on that gadget — mister — and — slip — up th' escape hatch." Lieutenant Pete Upshur gasped out the words beat by beat, timed to his slowing pulse. They echoed through the control room muted, metallic, as if coming from the conning-tower voice tube.

Deep hidden in the broken submarine, wasting cell and waning battery hummed a minor chord below the tiny cabin.

Upshur fixed his black eyes on the blond giant sitting across from him in the stifling room. Above the droning hum he heard the slow, protesting answer:

"Sorry—skipper. You rate—the 'lung.'"

"Damn you, Kendall!" Upshur's tense voice vibrated the carbonized air. The yellow ceiling light, shedding feeble rays below the hatch, blinked twice in sinister warning. Upshur spoke more calmly: "I'm still captain of this 'pig.' . . . Put on that 'lung.'"

He nodded his dark head toward the device destined to save one of their lives. A grotesque, bladder-shaped bag, wound with straps and snakelike tubes, it lay on a table near his elbow.

"Just pinch on nose clip—take shot ox'gen—bite mouthpiece." Upshur gulped thickly. "Exhale—flutter valve, flut-t-e-r—" He gulped again. "Great li'l gadget— Tested one—Pearl Harbor—down twenty-five—fathoms. Came up sweet—sweet's a bubble 'n champagne glass—" Upshur's glassy eyes lifted suspiciously. "Listenin'?"

"Yes, sir." Kendall nodded drowsily.

"Grab escape line—pressure bustin' your guts—climb—slow—d-a-m-n—s-l-o-w—otherwise—"

"I understand—sir. The 'bends.'"

Upshur nodded his ridged brows. "'Bends'—right. Fetch first knot, take—fifty"—his staring eyes lifted to the data plaque—"fifty breaths—exhale—slow—d-a-m-n s-l-o-w—or 'bends' bust you—"

Upshur grinned. His gasping voice died. It came to him he had said all this before, an eternity of times, to that wooden dummy opposite him. Ensign Kendall, big, tubby dummy. Dumb center on academy football team. Dumb now, too dumb to understand.

The thought tuned with the dying batteries. For minutes the two men sat silent, thinking.

Suddenly Lieutenant Upshur looked up at the ship's clock. Thirty-six hours! More. Twenty-four listening to the tap-tap-tap—tap-tap-tap signals from the rescuing ships.

Abruptly the signals ceased, then started, tapping out faintly the fatal words, "Storm coming—got to slip anchors—back when she breaks." Then silence.

Upshur felt his brain etherealized, floating within his skull. It wove illusive patterns before his mind's eye. He visioned himself leading a girl, a silver wraith of a girl, out from the graduating hop at Annapolis. The silver girl chattered nervously, as if she sensed his quickening heartbeats. Then, when he told her, tried to kiss her, a pale hand pressed his breast. "Why, Pete Upshur! I never thought— Why, why, I don't—don't love you!"

The music mocked them as he led her silently back to the hop. He had watched her dance, smiling back at him, dance off in youngster Kendall's arms.

Followed three bitter, reckless years on the China station. Now home. California not a hundred miles

away; a hundred miles and twenty-five fathoms. The silver girl—Kendall's wife—waited, waited, while that dumb bunny didn't know enough to—

"Listen, mister," Upshur suddenly snarled. "Been Upshurs in this man's navy since Denny Upshur of the Bon Homme Richard led a cutlass party aboard

King George's frigate Java. Navy Upshurs 'n Civil, Spanish, World wars. Know the game from pennant clew to keelson. Tradition. Skipper always sticks to his ship. Anyone but a dumb—" Upshur gulped convulsively.

"Sorry, sir—"

A wild laugh rang through the stifling cabin. Upshur stood up, laughing again, a weird, baleful laugh, an echo from a madhouse. He staggered to the ship's clock, wrenching it from its hooks. He held it before Kendall's eyes. "How many minutes to—death o'clock, mister?" he whispered. "Tick! Tick! Tick! Minutes to lung-tearing, heart-wrenching—death."

Again the maniac's laugh shattered the stifling air.

"Not for Pete Upshur!" He hurled the clock to the floor. "He reports to Admiral Death ahead of time."

He turned, clattering open the ship's safe. Reaching within, he brought out a flat bottle. He shook it toward Kendall.

"SEE this?" he hissed "Death cheater. Knew we'd sink some day. Prepared—Upshur's motto, *Semper paratus*—always—ready—ready to meet—old Admiral Death!" He waved the flat bottle aloft.

"For God's sake, sir!" Before Kendall could rise, Upshur drank. He gulped convulsively. Stiff-muscled he set the bottle back on the table. He turned, swaying.

"Minutes," he whispered. "No, seconds—to death—seconds."

He doubled up, choking, to the floor. He jerked his arms and legs in grotesque spasms, then lay still, eyes glassy, fixed.

Ensign Kendall bent forward in horror. He touched the stiff body. He shuddered back. The tiny cabin was ominously silent. He picked up the bottle. He read a neat drug-store label:

Cyanide of Potassium. Solution. POISON!

Below these words leered a red skull and crossbones.

Mechanically Kendall set the bottle on the table. Mechanically he picked up the code book. Mechanically he caught up the "lung," his eyes fixed on Upshur. Swiftly he strapped on the bag, adjusted the nose clip, bit the mouthpiece. He climbed through the coaming to the escape hatch. The steel door clanked shut behind him.

The body on the floor relaxed, the head lifted. Lieutenant Upshur sat up. "He'll make it, that tough baby," he mumbled, a sardonic grin stretching his features. "Wonder what he'll tell her? Wonder what she'll think?" He grasped the flat bottle and drained it. "Dumb—jus' too—dumb to know poison from—gin."

The ceiling light blinked out. Upshur dropped the flask. "Aye, aye, sir. . . . Coming, sir. . . . Lieutenant Upshur reports for duty—Admiral Death—reports—r-e-p-o-r-t-s . . ."

The humming batteries stilled.

THE END

Think

IN PONTIAC YOU GET REAL RIDING COMFORT AS WELL AS ECONOMY . . .

VACATION IN A PORCH-CHAIR "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

ABSORBINE JR.

COCA-COLA

IPANA

This PONTIAC ad, running in 3 weeklies, stopped 143% more persons per dollar in LIBERTY than in Weekly C.

This ABSORBINE JR. ad, running in 3 weeklies, stopped 40% more persons per dollar in LIBERTY than in Weekly B, 225% more than in Weekly C.

This COCA COLA ad, running in 3 weeklies, stopped, in LIBERTY, 90% more persons per dollar than in Weekly A, 79% more than in Weekly B.

This IPANA ad, running in 3 weeklies, stopped 35% more persons per dollar in LIBERTY than in Weekly B.

Before you spend for 1932, study

ONCE or twice might have been an accident. Three times, four times, might have been a coincidence. But when in 38 cases out of 46—duplicate ads running in Liberty and other mass weeklies stopped more readers in Liberty—when in city after city—in 6 widely scattered parts of the country—when, in issue after issue—for 6 consecutive issues of the four mass weeklies—the average advertising page stopped from 23 per cent to 112 per cent more persons per unit of circulation in Liberty than in any other mass weekly—that, certainly, is something to think about. Something to ask about. Something to study, *yourself*, before you spend for 1932.

Consider The Sources

These facts came from the first attempt to measure "reader-interest" by going beyond traditional personal judgments and self-conscious reader votes. By making, last July and August, an actual count of editorial and advertising items magazine readers had SEEN and READ. That's worth pondering.

The facts were found by ringing 15,000 door bells at random in Philadelphia, Pa.; Springfield, Mass.; Greensboro, N. C.; Columbus, Ohio; Topeka, Kansas; Sioux Falls, So. Dakota, one city a week for 6 consecutive weeks. By finding possessors of current issues of the four mass weeklies. By going through their copies with them, page after page, marking with crayon every editorial and advertising item remembered as having been seen or read.

That's worth pondering.

And these facts were collected by the trained research staff of Dr. George Gallup, Professor of Journalism and Advertising at Northwestern University. Collected, in three of the six cities

visited, while official observers from the Association of National Advertisers looked on.

And that's worth pondering!

Six Cities, Six Issues in a Row

Complete and independent tabulations of what readers saw and read were made for the four mass weeklies in each of the six cities, using a different issue of the four weeklies in each city.

Yet, see how, city after city, issue after issue, the same facts were found—

The average advertising page in Liberty had stopped:

In Philadelphia, 60% more persons than in Weekly A, 35% more persons than in Weekly B, 106% more persons than in Weekly C.
In Springfield, 20% more persons than in Weekly A, 14% more persons than in Weekly B, 63% more persons than in Weekly C.
In Greensboro, 45% more persons than in Weekly A, 26% more persons than in Weekly B, 132% more persons than in Weekly C.
In Columbus, 61% more persons than in Weekly A, 4% more persons than in Weekly B, 104% more persons than in Weekly C.
In Topeka, 43% more persons than in Weekly A, 26% more persons than in Weekly B, 165% more persons than in Weekly C.
In Sioux Falls, 44% more persons than in Weekly A, 22% more persons than in Weekly B, 107% more persons than in Weekly C.

Liberty...

38 Times

Popular faces are shaved with BARBASOL.

This BARBASOL ad, running in 3 weeklies, stopped 71% more persons per dollar in LIBERTY than in Weekly B.

The INGRAM'S ad, running in 4 weeklies, stopped, in LIBERTY, 36% more persons per dollar than in Weekly A, 42% more than in Weekly B, 182% more than in Weekly C.

The Saline Cocktail
drink it down!

Sal Hepatica

This SAL HEPATICA ad, running in 2 weeklies, stopped 25% more persons per dollar in LIBERTY than in Weekly B.

Winner
not by a
but a head of

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

This VASELINE HAIR TONIC ad, running in 3 weeklies, stopped, in LIBERTY, 295% more persons per dollar than in Weekly A, 193% more than in Weekly B.

July engine heat
REQUIRES AN OIL THAT IS
CRACK PROOF

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

This TEXACO ad, running in 4 weeklies, stopped, in LIBERTY, 94% more persons per dollar than in Weekly A, 27% more than in Weekly B, 224% more than in Weekly C.

the recommendations of Success

What This Means From a Cash Standpoint

In total the average advertising page in Liberty had stopped

- 48% more persons than in Weekly A
- 23% more persons than in Weekly B
- 112% more persons than in Weekly C

But from a dollars-and-cents standpoint, the importance of these findings grows. During these past years of commodity and advertising price fluctuations, Liberty's rate has been pegged at pre-boom levels while its circulation has steadily increased. Today, Liberty's advertising page cost is lower than that of any other major magazine. Dollar for dollar, therefore, on the basis of the Gallup averages, your appropriation in Liberty should stop: 132% more persons than in Weekly A; 64% more persons than in Weekly B; 138% more persons than in Weekly C.

Why Advertising in Liberty Stops More Readers

The basic factor responsible for the success of magazine advertising in general must inevitably be looked to for an explanation of Liberty's reader-stopping power: *Editorial contents.*

People (not advertising people!) buy magazines for the stories and articles, not the advertisements. Advertisers spend their money where editors have done a job of winning the crowd. Now, as we see at the top of these pages, editorial interest may make a 23% to 112% difference in the stopping power of the same advertisement.

For Dr. Gallup checked the reading of editorial pages even as

he checked advertising pages. And he found that the average editorial feature in Liberty was read by: 17% more persons than in Weekly A; 6% more persons than in Weekly B; 41% more persons than in Weekly C.

Not because Liberty had some new, heretofore unknown type of editorial contents! (Every one of the other weeklies had some features rating higher than many of Liberty's.) But Liberty contained MORE of the type of editorial item read most widely elsewhere.

More of the human interest articles. More of the dramatic features. More of the humorous features. MORE of the simple, bold, concise write-ups that are the *current* taste of a post-war public.

And, long before the Gallup tests gave the detailed results of this policy, Liberty's editors gazed upon the spectacle of more men and women asking for Liberty—week after week, fifty-two times a year—than any other magazine in America.

The Ball Is In Your Court

Think these things over. Think over the 38-ads-out-of-46 through which Success points its finger at Liberty. Think over the facts of 6 cities, 6 issues. Then, make sure that *your* organization has received a personal presentation of the Gallup Report—before you complete your spending plans for 1932!

Write a note on your own letterhead, and a Liberty representative will bring your copy of the Report promptly. Address Liberty, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

America's Best Read Weekly

The Boy Pirate

The Story of a Youngster's Imagination and a Hollywood Hoax

By BEN HECHT

Pictures by D'ALTON VALENTINE



(Reading time: 36 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the story of a battle between Leo Spangleman and Philip Warren, rival motion-picture producers. Spangleman, upon learning that Warren planned to star Wesley Parnell, a child actor, managed, through Wesley's mother, to sign the boy up.

Warren and Wesley had been firm friends, and Warren was deeply hurt that his comrade could desert him. Moping in an excavation for a projected garage in the side of a cliff, Warren had a surprise visit from Wesley. They played pirates, and a big idea flashed across Warren's mind.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

WARREN reached the telephone in his house out of breath. He pushed aside his eager secretary, and managed after a half hour to locate a Mr. Jack Doran.

"Listen," said Mr. Warren. "I want you to get hold of a script of that Parnell movie Spangleman is making and bring it right out to me."

"I can get it first thing in the morning," said Mr. Doran.

"I don't want it in the morning," said Mr. Warren, his

voice rising. "I want it right now! You just go get a policeman or somebody and break in there. And hurry up. I'll fix it all up."

At midnight Mr. Warren was handed the desired manuscript. Mr. Doran hovered around. He was profoundly curious.

"We had one tough time laying hands on that," Mr. Doran began.

Mr. Warren waved him aside. "You can go now," he said. "I'm busy. You'll hear from me in the morning."

In the morning Mr. Doran, relating his adventure to a group of fellow nobles and discussing with them what this sign of life in their brooding chief might portend, received a telephone call.

"It's the boss," he whispered, clapping his hand over the mouthpiece, and the group crowded around the instrument as if listening in on a message from Mars. What they heard was astonishing enough.

Mr. Warren wanted five male actors: one of them with a bona fide peg leg; one of them blind in one eye; and one of them with a long black beard, also authentic. The other two, he insisted, must have broken noses. And he wanted them all dressed in pirate suits. He also wanted



SPRAWLED on the floor lay Fernando the Portuguese. In a corner of the cave One Eye and Mr. Jones were dividing loot.

Mr. Bill Martin, head of the Century Art Department, and a parrot. Furthermore, Mr. Warren concluded, if any word relating to him or his activities leaked out, he was going to fire the whole Century Company from top to bottom.

The group regarded each other excitedly. The chief was evidently up to something, and since any activity on his part meant a continuation of the pay roll, they went about their mysterious duties with the determination of men engaged in deep, life-saving enterprise.

A week later Master Wesley, aged six going on seven, and the boy idol of two continents, stepped out of his dressing room on Stage Number 1 of the Spangleman studios, and fell quickly to his hands and knees. He was in a tremendous hurry, yet he moved furtively and on his stomach, his objective being the large sliding door which led to freedom. There was, first of all, the necessity of evading the beady eyes of Mr. Spangleman and his nobles, come to watch the first day of "shooting" on the epic of child life. Secondly, and more important, was the matter of evading the king's spies, who at any moment might penetrate his incognito and hand him over to the authorities, to be hanged higher than a kite from the gallows in the harbor.

Crawling in the shadows along the edge of the towering studio walls, Master Wesley—or to call him by his new pirate name Joshua Briggs—made his way to the large door, slipped from the enemy's ken, and darted down the street.

TWO hours later, having made sure that no king's spies had followed him, Joshua Briggs, né Wesley Parnell, removed a whistle from his pocket and blew two short and one long toots thereon. There was a pause, and then slowly a heavy door opened in the side of the cliff and a terrible face covered with whiskers leered from behind it.

"It's all right. It's me, Joshua Briggs," said Master Wesley.

"Give the password," the Whiskers snarled.

"Death and Destruction," replied Master Wesley.

"O. K." said the Whiskers, and Master Wesley entered.

A terrible sight greeted his eyes. Sprawled on the floor, a broken rum bottle in his hand, lay Fernando the Portuguese, not exactly dead, but so drunk you could hardly hear him breathe. In a corner of the dimly lit cave One Eye and Mr. Jones were dividing loot. Mr. Jones was beating the floor angrily with the peg leg and threatening to string One Eye up

on a yardarm unless he stopped cheating.

Master Wesley shivered, and whipped out a red bandanna from his blouse and tied it quickly around his forehead. He then went over and stared at the figure sleeping in the lower bunk. This was the Avenger, a man with a fearful face. Master Wesley was glad the Avenger was on their side.

"Where's the captain?" he inquired of Whiskers in a low voice.

A roar from the upper bunk interrupted Whiskers.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A FEW minutes later, without having stopped for breath, apparently, he emerged. He was carrying two jars of strawberry jam.



THE BOY PIRATE

[Continued from page forty-one.]

"Yo-ho!" a voice roared. "Drink and the devil had done for the rest. Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum."

"Is he chained up good?" inquired Master Wesley, referring to this voice.

"O. K.," said Whiskers. "Chained to the wall by his legs and his neck, a-eatin' his black heart out in rage."

"O. K.," said Master Wesley. "Gosh, he's mad!"

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest!" bellowed the

voice. And Master Wesley stood up on one of the treasure chests to get a better look at Black Pete. He was chained up, all right.

"Who goes thar?" bellowed Black Pete.

"Joshua Briggs," said Master Wesley.

"Yo-ho-ho," sneered Black Pete. "I eat Briggs for breakfast."

"You ready to join our side," said Joshua Briggs firmly, "or ain't you?"

"No!" roared Black Pete, adding a terrible oath that sent Joshua Briggs almost tumbling off the chest.

"O. K.," said Joshua hoarsely.

Black Pete was a prisoner of war, but because he was the best cutthroat on the Seven Seas they were taking all these pains to win him over on their side.

Three short whistles and a long one sounded outside the cave.

"Strike me blind," said Whiskers, "it's the captain!"

Mr. Warren entered. He was dressed in knickers and a sweater and looked a little out of place. Yet his word was law among these wild, swashbuckling murderers.

"Hello, Briggs," said Mr. Warren. "Glad you're here."

"I come to take the oath," whispered Master Wesley.

"That's the spirit," said Mr. Warren. "Everybody's got to sign their names in blood."

"O. K.," said Master Wesley.

The Avenger had awakened and was staring brutally about him. But before he could bellow, as was his wont, Mr. Warren had come forward and started making a speech. "I've written the oath out," said Mr. Warren. "Everybody keep quiet for a while so I can read it. There's no use taking to the seas unless we're all bound together by a pact."

"Strike me blind," said Whiskers, "he's right!"

"If there's anybody too much a coward to sign this, let them speak up," said Mr. Warren. "We don't want cowards."

"No!" roared Mr. Jones. And all the other black souls in this den joined him in a similar roar.

"That'll do," said Mr. Warren, and silence fell immediately. Master Wesley stared proudly at his friend the captain, who could quell even the Avenger by a single softly spoken word.

"FIRST"—Mr. Warren was now reading from a few sheets of typewritten paper—"we are all agreed on our motto being Death and Destruction."

A roar of approval filled the cave. "Second," went on Mr. Warren, "any man who shows the little feather or disobeys the rules and by-laws shall be read out of the Jolly Brotherhood. Never mind roaring," he added hastily, "until I'm all finished. Third, we are sworn enemies of society, and hereby agree to treat women no better than dogs, and never to let them kiss us or distract us from our duties."

"O. K.," said Master Wesley hoarsely.

"Fourth," intoned Mr. Warren, "no member of the Jolly Brotherhood is allowed to have any pets except parrots. Because pets make men soft and unfit for battle. We hereby agree never to pet dogs or cats of any kind or talk to them in any way that would encourage their attentions."

"Fifth, we will always avenge any insults."

"Sixth, we swear on our honor as pirates that, regardless of whatever torture, we will never cry. Any pirate caught shedding tears at any time of the day for any reason will be immediately driven out of the Jolly Brotherhood as unworthy to fight under the Skull and Crossbones."

"That's all," said Mr. Warren. "And now we'll sign it in blood."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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**HIT-OF-THE-WEEK
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[THE BOY PIRATE]

[Continued from page forty-three]

A roar went up as the pirates crowded around the table on which Mr. Jones had produced a bowl of sinister-looking red fluid. Joshua Briggs, his face cupped in his hands, his elbows on the table, stared with shining eyes at the historic scene. None of the Brotherhood could write his name, but, dipping their daggers in the bowl of blood, each of them inscribed a cross at the bottom of the pirate oath. Master Wesley was the fifth to sign. Shivering as he held the weapon, he added his own gory mark to those of the Avenger, One Eye, Fernando, and Mr. Jones.

II

MR. SPANGLEMAN, accompanied by Mr. Pettigrew and a stout, red-faced man in a beret named Oliver Gilbert, walked silently toward Stage Number 1. Mr. Gilbert was the director of the epic of child life starring Wesley Parnell and now in its third day of creation.

"I've tried every type of dog," said Mr. Gilbert irascibly. "I've tried bloodhounds, bulldogs, collies, curs, chows, spaniels. He must hate dogs. An unreasonable, idiotic hate for dogs."

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Pettigrew.

"Wait," spoke Mr. Spangleman. "Let me handle this."

Silence fell and the trio arrived on Stage Number 1 looking very concentrated. Mr. Fowler, Mr. Gilbert's assistant, came forward.

"He's just kicked Fido in the slats," said Mr. Fowler.

"Fido is the St. Bernard puppy I got this morning," said Mr. Gilbert—"on the theory that even the blackest-hearted children in the world love puppies. He kicked her, eh?"

"Twice," said Mr. Fowler.

"He kicked the puppy?" demanded Mr. Spangleman. "What for?"

Mr. Fowler, a tall, muscular, and waggish man, grinned at the Earth Shaker. "Temperament," said Mr. Fowler. "He thinks he's John Barrymore."

"The ornery little brat!" said Mr. Gilbert. "For two cents I'd kick him back."

Mr. Spangleman walked to the kitchen set where Master Wesley was standing, legs apart, hands in pockets, and glaring. Mr. Spangleman squatted on his heels as if before a cage of monkeys. "Hello, young fella," he cooed. "What's all this excitement going on?"

Master Wesley's chin quivered and a tear rolled out of his eye.

"Come, come—there's nothing to cry about, young fella," said Mr. Spangleman very soothingly.

"You're a liar! You're a liar!" screamed Master Wesley. "I ain't crying. You big liar!"

Running over to the door of the

set, he began kicking at it. At this Director Gilbert lost his temper.

"Leave my set alone," he cried, "or I'll do some kicking on my own hook, you brat!"

"Sh-h," Mr. Spangleman warned.

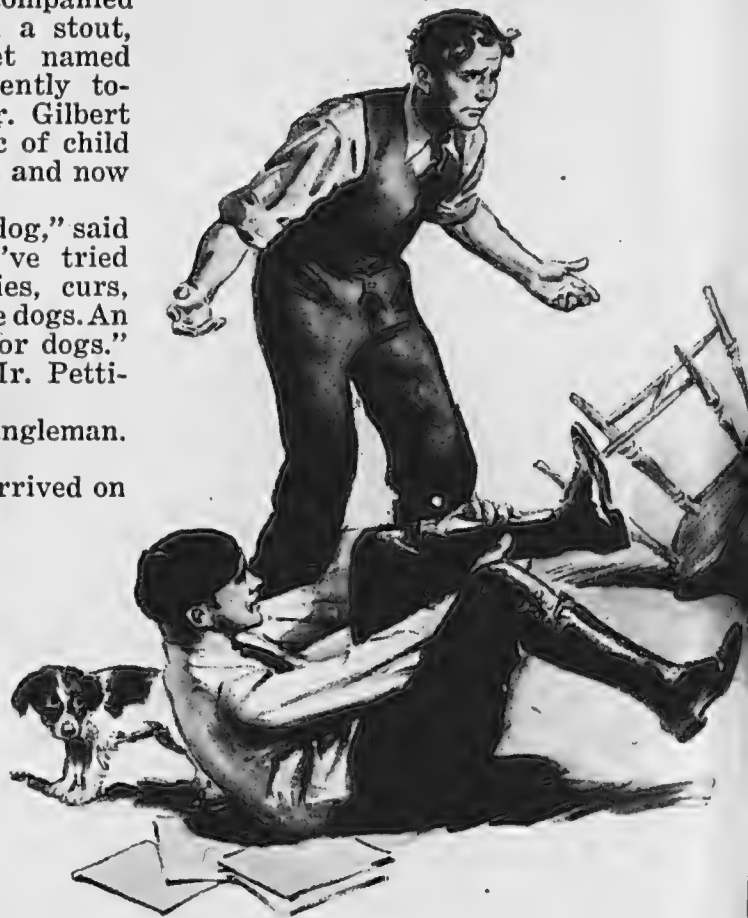
Mr. Gilbert had seized the talented child by the shoulder and was with difficulty controlling his own right foot. Master Wesley turned slowly and regarded his tormentor. There were no tears in his eyes now.

"Take your hands off me," he panted hoarsely, "or I'll have you strung up!"

"What's this!" exclaimed Mr. Spangleman.

"He's nuts," said Mr. Gilbert.

"Vesley," cooed Mr. Spangleman,



"I want you to listen to me. Vilsin, where's the little puppy?"

Mr. Fowler produced the cringing animal. Mr. Spangleman took it tenderly in his arms.

"Oh, how cute!" he smiled. "Ain't it? Look at its funny legs, Vesley. Now, Vesley, you can't afford to be a bad boy. You're too big an artist. Now, in this scene, Vesley, your papa has run away from you. And you are left all alone with this little puppy, who is the only friend which you love. You follow me? Now let me see you put your arms around this little puppy who loves you and say your lines like an artist."

Mr. Spangleman offered his star the animal.

"No," said Master Wesley.

"What do you mean no?" demanded Mr. Spangleman. "Here, don't be foolish. Take him."

"Aw," said Master Wesley with scorn. "That dog! Hm! I just as soon kill that dog. I ain't gonna act with any dog."

"What!" cried Mr. Spangleman.

"Are you crazy? That's what the peek-chure is about."

"I don't care," drawled Master Wesley. "I don't care. I don't care!"

Mr. Spangleman trembled, but controlled himself.

"All right," he said. "If you don't feel like acting with the animal today we'll go on with the other scene."

"What other scene?" demanded the youthful star.

"Where your papa comes back drunk, and finds you by your little bed, praying."

Master Wesley was silent.

"With tears in your eyes," continued Mr. Spangleman, "like a real artist."

"We tried that before lunch," said Mr. Gilbert. "He doesn't like the scene."

"What do you mean he don't like



Ten minutes after his arrival he had broken three windows by hitting them with a monkey wrench, and cracked Mr. Gilbert on the shins with the same weapon.

the scene!" said Mr. Spangleman, wheeling on his very expensive director.

"He doesn't care for it," repeated Mr. Gilbert.

Mr. Spangleman seemed to become aware of his surroundings. He flung a circular look at the regiment of carpenters, electricians, extras, authors, *et cetera*.

"DO you know what this is costing me?" he said softly. "Fifty thousand dollars a week! I don't want any delays. I want everybody with their shoulders to the wheel. As for Wesley, bring him to my office when you're through with the shooting. Come on, Vilsin."

The conference which took place in the Spangleman office that afternoon was a masterpiece of noise and futility. Mr. Spangleman listened in silence for a full twenty minutes while Mr. Gilbert, his assistant Mr. Fowler, and Mr. Pettigrew related their difficulties. These, boiled down to their essentials, turned out to be: 1. Wesley refused to have any dealings with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE BOY PIRATE]

[Continued from page forty-five]

dogs. 2. Wesley refused to sob, cry, snivel, or demean himself in any pathetic way whatsoever. 3. Wesley refused to pray, either kneeling, standing, or lying down. 4. Wesley refused to obey orders, succumb to bribes, or give any satisfactory reasons for his peculiar behavior.

Mr. Spangleman, in rebuttal, pointed out that Wesley had done all these things in his last picture; that the whole situation was due to the incompetence and stupidity of his employees; that he was not above firing everybody connected with the picture, if it cost him an extra million, and starting all over again with abler and more loyal employees; and that, in conclusion, all hands were to start in in the morning and treat Wesley Parnell with a little common sense: talk to him kindly, make a pal out of him, and win him over without any more nonsense.

The foregoing conference, however, proved only the first of a series of similar get-togethers in the Spangleman office. During the day Mr. Gilbert shot such scenes as did not include his little star. This work done, he joined the board of strategy in the Spangleman sanctum. Matters were approaching a crisis. Never had Mr. Spangleman bombinated so wildly or walked up and down his carpets so brutally.

Ten days passed and the dilemma remained unchanged. Wesley Parnell's stand against dogs, tears, and prayer remained unshaken, despite such gifts and sweetness as Mr. Spangleman had never before showered on any human being in his life.

"I'll have him blackballed by every producer in Hollywood," Mr. Spangleman howled from hour to hour. "He'll never be able to get a job as long as he lives! He's ruining me. If he was my size I'd give him such a beating he'd never forget."

DURING one conference in the second week, in which Mr. Spangleman was charging up and down his Tudor retreat, Mr. Pettigrew remarked unexpectedly that he had an idea. His chief regarded him wildly. "Iss it any good?" he demanded.

"I think it's our only salvation," said Mr. Pettigrew. "There's something wrong with Wesley. I mean psychically."

"What do you mean psychilly?" inquired Mr. Spangleman with a frown.

"I mean with his soul," said Mr. Pettigrew. "He's got some kind of complex."

"He's too young for that," said Mr. Spangleman. "Such a little boy don't fall in love. He's a baby."

"I don't mean love," said Mr. Pettigrew. "I mean some sort of inner psychic trouble."

"So what?" demanded Mr. Spangleman.

"Well," said Mr. Pettigrew, "I think we ought to treat the whole thing scientifically. There's some-

thing obviously wrong with Wesley, and the quickest way to find out what it is is to have him psychoanalyzed."

"Psychoanalyzed!" repeated Mr. Spangleman with some awe.

"Yes," said Mr. Pettigrew. "Professor Englemeyer is visiting Hollywood. He's the best scientific psychologist in Vienna today."

"Call him over right away," cried Spangleman. "Vilsin, that's an inspiration!"

Professor Englemeyer's entrance into the Spangleman dilemma restored the studio's calm for a day. The great thinker—a fat, squat man with heavy-lensed glasses and a short straggly beard—listened attentively, after his somewhat exorbitant fee had been agreed upon, to the history of the case. He kept nodding and smiling during its recital.

"WHAT do you think?" Mr. Spangleman asked.

"Dot's a very simple matter," said Professor Englemeyer. "An ordinary dog phobia, based, I should say, on some early childish disturbance of the psyche."

"Just what I thought," said Mr. Pettigrew.

"Plus," added Professor Englemeyer, "a typically juvenile Oedipus Rex complex."

"What kind of a complex is that, professor?" inquired Mr. Spangleman.

"Dot's where a child loves his mother un' hates his father. Iss jealous of him."

"But he ain't got a father," said Mr. Spangleman. "His father's been dead four years."

"That iss not to be considered," said Professor Englemeyer. "The mother love un' father hate is here just the same. The whole plot of your moofie is inimical to the little boy's subconscious obsession. You vant he should cry ven his father leaves him in the moofie. He can't do dat. He hates his father who is a symbol father as much as he hates the real father—the dead one, I mean. I would suggest that the easiest way around this Oedipus Rex complex in the child iss, substitute a mother image for the father image in the moofie. The boy vill act properly. He vill weep at being abandoned by the mother image, un' you vill have no further trouble, I can assure you."

"That would mean a rewrite of the entire peek-chure," said Mr. Spangleman. "And besides, in his last peek-chure he was abandoned by his mother. We have made this an original, new conception of child life. We have shown him abandoned by his father."

"Vell," said the savant, wiping his glasses, "I vill see vut I can do to remove the Oedipus Rex complex if you don't vish to change the moofie."

"How long would that take?" demanded Mr. Spangleman.

"It all depends on the susceptibility and intelligence of the patient," smiled Professor Englemeyer. "As

for the dog phobia, I'll get at that at once. Ver is the child?"

Professor Englemeyer's first investigations of Wesley Parnell's subconscious occupied four hours. They were conducted under a handicap unusual in the annals of this new science. The subject, Master Wesley, maintained throughout the proceedings a silence so profound, so unyielding, as to make any penetration into any of his three states of consciousness nigh impossible. In vain the adroit savant bubbled with good nature. In vain he sought to waken in the obdurate child hateful memories of his defunct parent, frightened recollections of some early misadventure with dogs. Nimbly and patiently the professor circled the two psychoses of his patient, and had at them from involved and unexpected angles.

Mr. Spangleman, secreted in an adjoining room, listened breathlessly and, despite the obdurate attitude of the subject, was swept off his feet by the brilliance of the investigation. At its conclusion he embraced the savant and tried to persuade him to cast in his lot with the Moofing Peek-chure Industry. He had, Mr. Spangleman confided to a group of his nobles, never heard anything so fine and overpowering as the professor's mind in action.

"It works like a steam engine," gasped Mr. Spangleman. "He's a bigger man than Einstein!"

Despite this appreciation, Professor Englemeyer was silent and had a request to make. He would like a second session with the child, in private with no one listening. Mr. Spangleman was hurt, but yielded.

WHAT occurred in this second investigation of Master Wesley's soul, which took place in the professor's hotel suite, Mr. Spangleman could not quite find out. Master Wesley was returned by automobile to Stage Number 1. Ten minutes after his arrival he had broken three windows by hitting them with a monkey wrench, and cracked Mr. Gilbert on the shins with the same weapon, smashed some mirrors and was chasing the panic-stricken puppy with the same wrench.

He was overtaken by Mr. Fowler and carried, kicking but silent, into Mr. Spangleman's presence. Here he would say nothing.

The arrival of Professor Englemeyer at this point failed to clear the mystery. The savant appeared to have fallen into a silence as peculiar as Master Wesley's. He sat glaring at his patient, his lower lip protruding unscientifically, and shaking his head at all questions asked. As for Master Wesley, released by Mr. Fowler, he remained to stare at the professor. Then, approaching him slowly, he thrust his face close to the quivering beard and spoke in a hoarse voice.

"Death and Destruction!" said Master Wesley, and, turning, left the Tudor retreat.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

OH BOY! I COULD EAT NAILS NOW—NOTHING DISAGREES WITH ME!

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THE BOY PIRATE [Continued from page forty-seven]

"A nasty little schizophrenic," said Professor Englemeyer, and could be coaxed into no more detailed report.

Later that day, when the moon was out, Wesley Parnell made his way secretly down the road to the magic door in the rock behind which his real existence lay. He signaled and it opened. He entered out of breath.

The Jolly Brotherhood was assembled as before; but this time Black Pete was not chained to the wall. Master Wesley, or, to call him by the name he bore among these swashbucklers, Joshua Briggs, drew back nervously at the sight of this famous and now unfettered cutthroat. "Is he on our side?" he inquired quickly.

Mr. Warren assured Joshua he was. "O. K.," said Joshua Briggs. "Well, we got some work to be done. And we gotta ack fast, too."

"What kind of work?" asked Mr. Warren.

"Well," said Joshua Briggs, beginning to tremble and digging a fist into his eye to push back some tears, "I want somethin' done to somebody right away. He's gotta walk the plank."

"Who?" demanded Mr. Warren.

"Professor Englemeyer," said Joshua Briggs.

"Who's he?" asked Mr. Warren.

"Never mind who he is," said Joshua Briggs.

But, under the sympathetic questioning of the Brotherhood, Joshua revealed the nature and failings of his enemy. He was, it appeared, a monster with black whiskers and a face worse than the Avenger's or even Black Pete's. He was a notorious king's spy, and wore a disguise of heavy glasses so you couldn't hardly recognize him.

"HE put me to the torture," said Joshua Briggs. "I stood firm, and refused to give any evidence, and never cried once. But we got to ack quick."

Mr. Warren agreed, and after noisy palaver it was decided that the most practical thing to do was maroon Professor Englemeyer, whom One Eye recognized from the description as Abdul the Turk, on some island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Warren had a balloon, tethered a mile down the beach, which he figured would be perfect for the work.

"We'll drop him on some desert island," said Mr. Warren. "I'll have the balloon gotten ready." It was a balloon Mr. Warren had used in one of his early pictures.

Joshua Briggs was appeased. The task of provisioning the balloon for the pirate trip was assigned to him, and the conference ended on a note of high cheer.

Professor Englemeyer had decided on a course of action. He desired, he informed Mr. Spangleman, to study his patient. As a result the scientist sat for two days on Stage Number 1,

and Mr. Spangleman sat beside him, awed and silent.

"I think you have made some improvement already," said Mr. Spangleman. "He seems much happier, don't he?"

Wesley, as a matter of fact, had reported for his duties as artist, after the last meeting of the Brotherhood, with a new zest. He had even agreed to do a bit of acting with the dog and to show some concern over being abandoned by his drunken father. Mr. Spangleman's notion that the professor was entitled to credit for this improvement was not entirely wrong. For Wesley seemed to derive a new, unexpected comfort from Professor Englemeyer's presence.

His eyes never failed to kindle when they lit on the savant, nor his cherubic face to break into a pleased, far-away smile.

"YOU are vorking vonders with him," Mr. Spangleman beamed, toward the end of the second day. And at the same moment Director Gilbert was also beaming and patting his little star on the head. The rehearsal of the big scene had been finished, and Master Wesley had conducted himself very well.

"We'll shoot it now," said Director Gilbert, "and when the cameras start, Wesley, just do what we've been over. That was marvelous. All right!" Mr. Gilbert nodded to his chief cameraman.

"Silence! The take is on," voices echoed through the great stage. The electric cameras began to whirl and a hush fell.

Professor Englemeyer nudged his infatuated employer suddenly.

"Sh-h," Mr. Spangleman whispered, and pointed at the scene just starting on the set.

"Look!" Professor Englemeyer pointed a finger.

Mr. Spangleman obeyed, and made out a small figure crawling on its stomach along the wall. It was Wesley Parnell making another of his mysterious escapes. Mr. Spangleman rose excitedly, but the professor's hand on his arm stopped him.

"Vatch," the savant whispered. "He's going to do something."

Silently the two followed Wesley's cautious progress toward the stage doors.

"Ve vill follow him," pursued the professor. "Not a vord, please."

The drunken father had spoken his cue for Wesley's entrance. Director Gilbert, staring at the door through which his little star was to make his tearful appearance, waited several moments, chewing on his lips. Then he leaped to his feet.

"Cut!" he cried, waving his arms at the cameras as if heading off a wild bull. There ensued several minutes of profanity and confusion, during which Mr. Gilbert removed his beret and threw it violently to the floor.

"It's no use!" he continued at the top of his voice. "That brat must go or I go! I'm not going to waste my time wet-nursing a lousy little brat. Leo, I'm through!"

But the chair Mr. Spangleman had occupied was empty.

Mr. Spangleman and the professor were riding in a taxicab that was following a street car.

"You say you heard a vissle," persisted Mr. Spangleman, his eyes dancing with excitement.

"Ven the cameras started," Professor Englemeyer explained slowly, "I heard three vissles. There were two long ones un' a short one."

"Three vissles," Mr. Spangleman repeated, and furrowed his brow. "It'ss peculiar."

"At first," Professor Englemeyer pursued, "I figured it was part of the technique of the studio. But I was vatching the patient closely ven the vissles came, un' I noticed immediately that a change came over him. The patient, ven he heard the vissles, fell down on his stomach un' started crawling away."

"What is your idea, professor?"

"Ven he gets off the street car we vill follow him to his destination. There is something going on with the patient. Ve must be prepared for anything."

A half hour later Wesley Parnell stepped from the street car and started running. He arrived at his home on the beach in fifteen minutes. A few minutes later, without having stopped for breath, apparently, he emerged. He was carrying two jars of strawberry jam.

"Come on," said Professor Englemeyer.

But Mr. Spangleman was winded. "One minute, please," he panted.

"Ve can't afford to vait," said Professor Englemeyer excitedly. "Ve are closing in on something very interesting. If you vant, you stay here un' I'll go on."

"No," gasped Mr. Spangleman. "I'll go with you. I am going to see this thing through to the end. I am not the kind of a fella," he added, wasting precious breath, "who gives up easy. You follow me?"

WESLEY PARNELL skittered along the beach, block after block. He seemed not only tireless but, to his two pursuers, a creature made of iron and steel. After half an hour of break-neck progress, Wesley came to a bend in the shore line. Turning it, he had arrived at his objective—a large balloon tethered to the ground. It floated in the air, straining at its two ropes, its basket some twelve feet clear of the sand.

Although panting from his two-mile run, Wesley wasted no time. He started up the rope ladder dangling in front of him. He was provisioning this proud craft in preparation for the kidnaping of a certain party. He had already smuggled a half dozen jars of strawberry jam into its basket.

Clambering over its edge with his new stock, Wesley became aware that he was not alone. Somebody was on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



LOSING FLESH AND SO NERVOUS

—her hands **SHOOK** like a leaf!

Now has nerves like iron
—and a figure with *curves*!

OLD before her time. Wrinkles around her eyes—her cheeks haggard, hollow—her neck and chest scrawny, shrivelled up. Her hands shook and trembled so she was always spilling things. How could she keep up with young friends?

But now meet the *new* Mrs. Williams—the *young* Mrs. Williams who today is boss of her nerves. Let her tell you her secret—about her new girlish curves, too:

Her thrilling story

"I hardly thought I could live. For months my weight had steadily gone down. I suffered from violent headaches, was often constipated, slept badly at night and scarcely ate anything. I was just a bundle of nerves. My hands shook like a leaf, so that I often spilt things.

"Today, after taking several packages of Ironized Yeast, my nerves are steady and my hands never tremble. I rarely have a headache, am almost never constipated and I sleep fine. I look much better for the flesh I've put on—5 lbs. in 3 weeks." Mrs. G. W. Williams, 535 Day Ave., S. W., Roanoke, Va.

Scores gain quicker

Almost two pounds a week is a quick gain for a person who's been losing weight for months. Yet scores of Ironized Yeast users report even *quicker* gains—12 lbs. in 3 weeks, 10 lbs. in 15 days, etc., etc. And not only do they round out scrawny figures—but also quickly correct constipation, sleeplessness, weakness—skin and stomach disorders, too!

Ironized Yeast contains the finest yeast money can buy—*beer yeast*, a special

kind of yeast which doctors say is richest in health-building value. This yeast is cultured by foreign experts. We concentrate it by a process so valuable that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

We take seven pounds of raw beer yeast to make one pound of the *concentrate* used in Ironized Yeast. We then *ironize* this powerful concentrate with three distinct types of iron. This enables Ironized Yeast to help put good red blood in your veins—the kind that gives pep!

Triple "feeding" tests

Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is *triple-tested* for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE: Literally *thousands* of once-skinny once-sickly folks owe their present glowing health and attractive figures to Ironized Yeast! If the very first package does not help you, too, its cost will be promptly refunded. **ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.** Cheap imitations can't compare with the *genuine* Ironized Yeast—stamped "I.Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form

LOSES 24 POUNDS OF FAT IN 31 DAYS

SAFE

EASY



SANE

QUICK

Depicting the captivating charm and physical attractiveness which chic slenderness brings.

Thousands upon thousands of fashionable women are increasingly placing their faith in a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast—going lighter on potatoes, fatty meats and pastry to safely lose excess fat and give them a beguilingly slender, trim figure—glorious health, new energy, strength and great body activity.

Mrs. C. La Follette of Shepardsville, Ky. writes: "I take Kruschen and find it fine. Reduced 24 lbs. in 31 days. Ate all I wanted, 3 meals a day. Feel like a new person."

An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and leading drugstores the world over heartily recommend this pleasant, effective treatment.

Remember Kruschen is more than just a laxative salt—it's a marvelous blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—then just watch excess fat gradually disappear!

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Are YOU a girl that men admire?

Don't envy your fortunate friends who excite the admiration of men. Develop your own charm and fascination. You can do it—easily.

Just take stock of your good and bad points. Emphasize desirable features—learn to eliminate the others.

The Liberty Book of Beauty tells you how to care for the skin, apply make-up properly; eliminate wrinkles, choose the most flattering colors in your dress, and countless other matters that affect your appearance. Send 10¢ (stamps or coin) for a copy today!

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Please send me a copy of the Liberty Book of Beauty. I enclose ten cents.

Name _____

Address _____

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2-13-32

THE BOY PIRATE

[Continued from page forty-nine]

the rope ladder, preparing to follow him into the balloon. He figured one of the Brotherhood had come to inspect the craft to see how nearly ready for departure it might be. Nevertheless, not to be trapped by any king's spies, he peered cautiously out of a sight hole in the basket. What he beheld took his breath away. Two men were mounting the rope ladder.

He was unable to make out who the second one was, but the first was unmistakable. Abdul the Turk, their victim, who masqueraded under the name of Professor Englemeyer, had tracked him down and was coming after him to engage in what must obviously be a death struggle.

For a moment Wesley figured to stand his ground. But caution and common sense drove such foolhardy tactics out of his mind. He was outnumbered. Two other courses lay open—his whistle, which would bring the Brotherhood to his aid, or flight. He decided on the latter. Cautiously he pulled himself over the basket and slid down one of the ropes.

The enemy, unaware of his miraculous escape, continued up the ladder. He could hear the Turk breathing hard, and the other, whom he now recognized as Mr. Spangleman, panting like a steam engine.

Wesley's feet touched the ground and he stood trembling. Both of the king's spies had disappeared into the basket, falling headfirst into the interior. Wesley's fingers were around a jackknife in his pocket. A moment later he was sawing on the rope with its sharp blade.

The rope gave way with a snap. The balloon tipped, teetered, and began to bounce in the air like a huge rubber ball.

WESLEY leaped to the other rope. He heard shouts above his head. Clenching his teeth, he sawed away in desperation. The shouting grew louder. The second rope snapped with the report of a gun exploding, and Wesley caught his breath. Something amazing had happened—amazing and, despite his work with the knife, unexpected.

Slowly and awesomely the balloon containing the two king's spies was sailing away toward the clouds at an incredible speed, as if somebody were hauling it up into the sky. Wesley heard the shouts growing fainter, and stared at the balloon till he felt very dizzy.

He had never seen a balloon go up before, and the spectacle was unnerving. It had gone straight up at first. Now, growing smaller and smaller, it was moving inland.

Wesley could no longer hear the shouts from the basket. In fact, he grew so confused he could no longer see the balloon.

There was some kind of a speck no bigger than a bumblebee vanishing

behind the clouds, and Wesley, suddenly frightened and unable to walk, lay down on the sand and pretended nothing had happened.

III

MR. SPANGLEMAN'S disappearance produced, at first, a peculiar and hesitant alarm among his nobles. On the afternoon of the following day a great deal of running around and telephoning started. By evening five policemen, including the Los Angeles chief of police, had been summoned by Mr. Pettigrew.

Mr. Spangleman's host of friends had all leaped to the same theory—that somebody had murdered him and disposed of his body. This theory seemed to them the only logical one, and they urged the police to dig up the murderer. Mr. Pettigrew offered \$10,000 reward for the arrest of his chief's assassin.

This reward was claimed, although illogically, within six hours by a Santa Barbara truck farmer, who appeared at the Los Angeles police station with a page torn from a notebook. He had picked it up among some rows of tomatoes. On it was written:

WILSON: Take Professor Englemeyer off the pay roll. He is fired. He is no good. Stop check for his past services.
LEO SPANGLEMAN.

Mr. Pettigrew, called from his bed, identified the writing as unmistakable.

The truck farmer was clapped into a cell and put through an interrogation. He maintained, despite two blackened eyes and a dislocated shoulder, that he was innocent of Mr. Spangleman's murder.

Morning brought another naïve visitor to the hoosegow, this time from Pasadena. He had three pages to exhibit. They were similar to the Santa Barbara note. One of them read:

WILSON: I am up in the air. Send out airoplains to look for me. We can't last long on this strawberry jam. For God's sake do something quick!

LEO SPANGLEMAN,
President.

The second read:

Wilson Pettigrew.

MY DEAR WILSON: Fire Wesley Parnell and have him arrested at once. He is my murderer.

LEO SPANGLEMAN.
(Three o'clock.)

The third read:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Englemeyer says we are going west. We are freezing. Hurry up with the airoplains.
LEO SPANGLEMAN.

Newspaper opinion was divided in the afternoon. The press in the main conceived the notion that the entire matter was a hoax and would turn out to be a publicity stunt. One

editorialist derided the police for taking the situation seriously and demanded the release of the two message bearers being held. Another gazette offered the theory that the two men bringing messages were press agents in the Spangleman employ.

Later in the day, however, three more such messages were brought in by a tourist crossing the Mohave Desert. He had been attracted by the bits of paper fluttering slowly out of the sky to the ground. The new tidings read:

MR. WILSON PETTIGREW: You are fired. I don't want any people working for me who ain't loyal. Move out of your office immediately. You are a common traitor.

LEO SPANGLEMAN.

The second read:

World's Geniuses, Inc.,
Hollywood, Calif.

GENTLEMEN: Englemeyer says we will soon be unable to breathe. The jam is given out. Rush help. Tear up Wesley Parnell contract. Kid pictures are no good. We are getting dizzy. I want each and every member of my organization to drop everything and look for me.

LEO SPANGLEMAN,
President.

The third read:

Mrs. Lena Englemeyer,
Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles.

Ich bin in einem Flugballon mit dem verdammt Spangleman.

This tidings was signed, curiously enough, "BABY."

THE theory that the entire matter was a hoax suffered a setback, and as a result of these cries from on high a hunt unprecedented in the annals of the Los Angeles police was launched. A dozen airplanes took to the blue before nightfall and combed the clouds futilely for hours.

A message picked up at dawn by a desert rancher and telephoned the police started the planes in a new direction and gave the detectives, for the first time, something tangible to work on.

This message, barely legible, read:

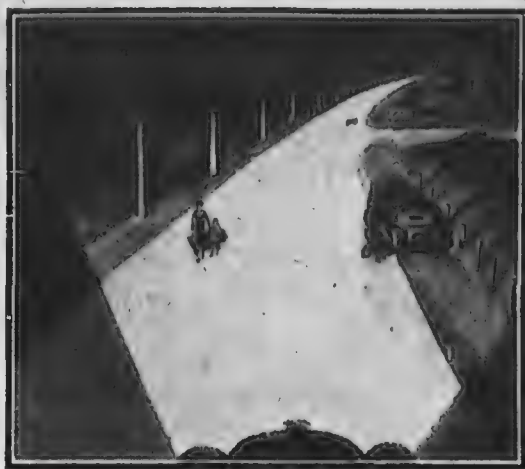
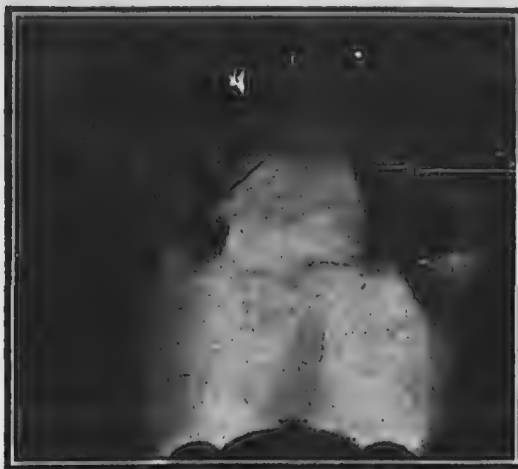
Wesley Parnell did it. Don't let him escape. He cut the balloon loose. Englemeyer claims it is a bloodlust and he is a dangerous person. Notify the Motion Picture Industry at once.

SPANGLEMAN.

Wesley, taken into custody, was submitted to a three-hour grilling. His story dumfounded the police. He maintained that Spangleman and the professor had hatched a plot to murder him and had tried to lure him into the balloon, but that he had jumped out just in time.

"They always hated me," Master Wesley's words were printed in a thousand newspapers that evening, "because I didn't like the picture they put me in. It's no good and no

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



TINY INVENTION NOW TURNS HEADLIGHTS INTO SEARCHLIGHTS —INSTANTLY!

At last! An invention that makes any headlights give at least twice the road illumination! Shoots a new kind of "infused" light that banishes glare! Now offered for introductory test to all who mail the 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON promptly!

DOUBLES ROADLIGHT . . . ENDS DIMMING!

IT IS a well-known fact that motor car manufacturers have solved every big problem except one. As soon as the sun goes down at night, the highways of America break forth into a constant rushing stream of "dimming and damping." Speed is cut down one-third to one-half. Every Monday morning finds the highways littered with broken glass, wrecks, cars in the ditch, overturned, shattered against telephone posts. Now, in a twinkling, this curse of night driving is lifted completely and inexpensively from the shoulders of the entire motoring world!

Fits Any Headlight

This new lighting discovery is called Perfect-O-Lite. It is a little invention that replaces the ordinary "bulbs" in your automobile headlights. No extra wiring or installation. Millions of motorists have invested from \$10 to \$25 or more in so-called "Spot" Lights and "Driving" Lights which at best are only makeshifts. This new lighting method costs only a tiny fraction as much, yet actually DOES double road illumination. Banishes need for Glare

Shields. Cuts through the other fellow's light, yet absolutely cannot glare in his eyes. Makes ruts, animals, children, detour signs, etc., visible at least three times as far. Now night driving at 40 to 60 miles an hour is safe and easy.

Make Your Own Test Free

The secret of the amazing things this new light does is in the kind of "beam" or "ray" that it throws. Instead of ordinary light, this new invention pours a solid beam of double-reflected or "infused" light down the entire roadway. Shows up ditches at the side, as well as distant objects, absolutely clear. Space here limits further discussion of the facts about this discovery! Under an introductory offer you are now invited to be the judge without risking one penny. The coupon brings full details of the invention, offer of a set on FREE TEST and facts about agents' money-making opportunities. Mail it TODAY!

PERFECT-O-LITE

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PERFECT-O-LITE astonishes expert and layman alike! Science at last has conquered the grief of night driving!

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Here IS that chance for \$6,000 to \$10,000 THIS year. Davis, Pa., made \$1,400 in one week! Sacks, W. Va., made \$236 on one order. Start full time or spare time. Use coupon for FREE TEST OFFER and Guaranteed Sales Plan.



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Please send me a copy of "100 Standard Recipes." I enclose 10¢.

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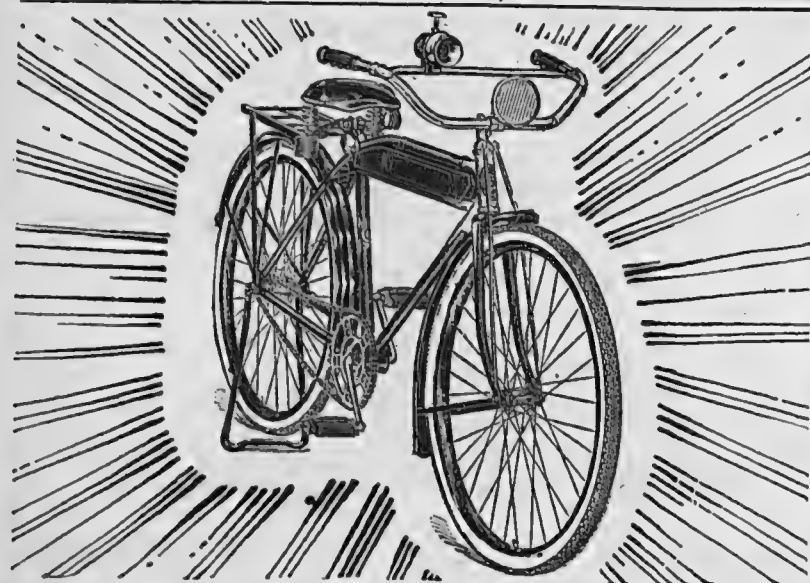
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MAIL THIS TODAY!

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

L. 2-13-32

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Have your parents show approval by signing here:

THE BOY PIRATE

[Continued from page fifty-one]

boy ought to be made to do what they tried to make me do in that old picture."

This version—the product of some hours of intensive coaching by Mr. Warren—had far-reaching results. World Geniuses, Inc., fell off eight points on the stock market, and four anti-child-labor organizations rushed delegates to Washington to put the matter squarely up to the Chief Executive.

The public, now waiting almost impatiently for further fascinating communications from the runaway balloon, was regaled by a final message, thus labeled. It was found by a young ice-cream vender in the railroad station at Needles, Arizona. It read:

GENTLEMEN: This is final. Englemeyer figures we are over the Pacific near Honolulu. Rush planes. This is the last bottle. There is no use dropping messages into the ocean without bottles. We have both got our ears froze. Good-by.

This message was signed, rather touchingly, LEO.

AT two o'clock Saturday afternoon the west-bound Los Angeles train, leaving the desert and three hours away from its destination, came to an unexpected stop. The engineer had made out an obstruction on the right of way. The obstruction proved to be a large deflated balloon. In the basket, buried under the collapsed bag, were two figures, both alive but wasted and unconscious. A cinema star aboard the train recognized one of them as Leo Spangleman, and three hours later Mr. Spangleman and Professor Englemeyer were safely between hospital sheets in Los Angeles.

The professor was the first to regain consciousness. He refused to make any statement. Mr. Spangleman, opening his eyes later in the day, talked incoherently for an hour, demanding during lucid moments that a meeting of the Hollywood moofing peek-chure producers be called immediately.

What the inside story of Mr. Spangleman's mysterious flight through the air was, the public was not destined to find out. Neither of the two balloonists would talk.

Sitting up in his hospital bed at the end of the week, Mr. Spangleman opened a morning paper and turned to the movie gossip column.

Its headline caused him to pale. He read that Philip Warren announced a forthcoming production starring Wesley Parnell in an epic of child adventure called The Boy Pirate.

Mr. Spangleman closed his jaws together and turned to his chief noble, Mr. Pettigrew, now reinstated.

"He hasn't heard the last from me," said Mr. Spangleman weakly. "I haven't begun to fight yet!"

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay \$5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Information Furnished

Junior, three years old, was in his night clothes. His daddy, in another room, wanting to know if he had bed slippers on, called to him, "Junior, what have you on your feet?" "Nothing, daddy; just toes," he replied.—E. B. Niles, 175 High St., Portland, Me.

* * *

That Question Also Puzzled Tennyson

Baby Mary Ann had been crying lustily for a half hour or so, but no one seemed to heed her.

Little Charles, her brother, tired of listening to her, asked wearily, "Mother, how many tears does Mary Ann have to cry before she is through?"—Emily McCahan, 416 S. Eighth St., Connellsville, Pa.

* * *

Giving Him the Horse Laugh

One day I was provoked with my young son for misbehaving. After being reprimanded, he looked at me in a penitent way and said, "Mother, laugh at me." I smiled faintly, but he was not satisfied. "Laugh at me with your teeth!" he cried.—Mrs. Gardiner Chaney, 26 Murray Ave., Annapolis, Md.

THEY WIN PRIZES!

SIXTH WEEK

HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

HERE are named the fifty-one Liberty readers whose entries in the sixth week of the Home Life Snapshot Contest receive the cash awards. The seventh-week winners will be announced next week. Miss Keathley's first-prize snapshot goes into line with all other first-prize winners for consideration for the \$1,000 grand prize. The winners, sixth week:

\$100 FIRST PRIZE

MISS ALLIE KEATHLEY,
Kenton, Tenn.

\$10 SECOND PRIZES

A. J. Anderson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Harry F. Blanchard, South Glens Falls, N. Y.; W. S. Boardman, Oceanside, N. Y.; Mrs. Paul Broun, Madisonville, Ky.; J. P. Cruickshank, Huntington, W. Va.; Fred L. Hanson, Providence, R. I.; Mildred R. Morris, Scranton, Pa.; Lawrence Munson, Kearney, Nebr.; Ellsworth Price, Castle Rock, Wash.; Carrie A. Walder, Guide Rock, Nebr.

\$5 THIRD PRIZES

Edward W. Bolender, Canton, Ohio; Lloyd Bowers, Lima, Ohio; J. A. Breth, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; Mary E. Connor, Eustis, Fla.; Manie L. Daniel, Coco Dolo, Canal Zone; Joseph T. Dassebach, Jr., Newark, N. J.; Mrs. L. F. Donaldson, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. S. A. Doupe, Winnipeg, Canada; Charles H. Eger, Philadelphia, Pa.; F. J. Festner, Chandler, Ariz.; Isabella Frazer, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mary H. Gayler, Schenectady, N. Y.; Charles H. Golden, Georgetown, Del.; Mrs. Irene Grasty, Houston, Tex.; Woodrow Harrison, Austin, Tex.; Edia A. Headley, Worthington, Minn.; William G. Helwig, Cincinnati, Ohio; E. R. Karg, Callicoon, N. Y.

Omer G. Kremkau, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Carlene H. Lee, Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. Jesse E. Lewis, Boonville, N. Y.; John Mennie, Alert Bay, British Columbia; W. M. Moore, Kansas City, Mo.; H. R. Porter, Palo Alto, Calif.; Ruby Robinson, Fresno, Calif.; Mason Saunders, Kansas City, Mo.; H. J. Sheils, Greenville, S. C.; Horace H. Selby, San Diego, Calif.; E. M. Sponsler, Tujunga, Calif.; Emile Sprumont, Duquesne, Pa.; William H. Steinhauer, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Edward M. Sweeney, Dallas, Tex.; T. T. Tucker, Pensacola, Fla.; Maurice Urdrag, Newark, N. J.; Felix Vecchione, Asbury Park, N. J.; Mrs. L. N. Vining, Marysville, Ohio; Cable Wagner, Sidney, Ohio; M. S. Weinstein, Brooklyn, N. Y.; George Wishart, Belleville, Ont., Canada; Harve B. Wobbe, East Orange, N. J.

FINAL WINNERS

THE JIG-SAW PUZZLE CONTEST

THESE names complete the Jig-Saw Contest awards.

\$100 THIRD PRIZE

ROBERT W. SCHAEFER
Syracuse, New York

THEY WIN \$50 EACH

EDITH L. BRIGHT
Glenolden, Pa.

M. L. CLARK
Portsmouth, Ohio

MORE \$10 WINNERS

Mrs. Rosa Wuestefeld, Oceanside, N. Y.; Amelia E. Reese, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. M. J. Smith, Houston, Tex.; Mrs. Wm. H. Cooper, Petersburg, Va.; Martha Jane Schroeder, Rockford, Ill.; Elsie Palmer, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Verna Crady, Minneapolis, Minn.; Florence Kingsbury, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Anne Keisler, Millville, N. J.; Muriel Webster, Dorchester, Mass.; Mildred R. Stewart, Daytona Beach, Fla.; Dorothy Hage, Minneapolis, Minn.; Hildegard H. Miller, Cleveland, Ohio; Beatrice M. Bunol, New Orleans, La.; Vincent Bryan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. B. Sanford, New York City; Julia W. Symons, Johnstown, Pa.; Auga Guldner, Teaneck, N. J.; G. B. Carpenter, Mamaroneck, N. Y.; Mrs. Bertha L. Murdock, Dorchester, Mass.

Malinda G. Hinckley, Maquoketa, Iowa; M. G. Covey, Seattle, Wash.; Bruce B. Hickman, Denver, Colo.; F. A. Stinchcomb, Jr., Brooklyn Park, Md.; Carleton Ash, Minneapolis, Minn.; Geraldine T. Neale, St. Joseph, Mich.; Miguel Moreno, Chicago, Ill.; Frederick W. Walters, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. A. Schultz, Queens Village, N. Y.; Eleanor Felton, Detroit, Mich.; Mary C. Welsh, Germantown, Pa.; Jesse E. Porter, Washington, D. C.; Mary O'Leary, Yonkers, N. Y.; Betty London, St. Louis, Mo.; Phillip T. Blackburn, Los Angeles, Calif.; Marguerite Charlton, Salem, Va.; Harriet P. Armstrong, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mary Purman, Ft. Worth, Tex.; Mrs. B. Gooderham, Tulsa, Okla.; Pauline Underwood, Richmond, Va.; Hyman Kaplan, New York City; Edna L. Christman, Arlington, Tex.; Mary C. Lamm, San Antonio, Tex.; Mrs. Russell E. Van Horn, Dayton, Ohio; Leah Kahn, Baton Rouge, La.; Edna V. Batten, Blackwood, N. J.; Mrs. Beatrice Baird, N. Arlington, N. J.; Dorothy Firth, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. M. F. Molder, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Miss E. D. Cook, Boston, Mass.; Eileen Fitzgerald, Ivanhoe,



ROBERT W. SCHAEFER
Third-Prize Winner

dia, New York City; Fred Corbin, Hartford, Conn.; Elizabeth Sterritt, Clifton, N. J.; Easter A. Beetham, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Paul Kossack, McGregor, Iowa.

Wilhelmine A. Hamelman, Buffalo, N. Y.; E. M. Bristol, Flint, Mich.; Dorothy H. Barnhart, Cornwall, N. Y.; Roy M. Wampole, Phoenix, Ariz.; Catherine E. Bistriz, Bethlehem, Pa.; Richard L. Heyne, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mary Hasen, Passaic, N. J.; J. Franz Miller, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. C. P. McGuire, Oshkosh, Wis.; Mrs. Mae Coupland, Dallas, Tex.; Nelle Bruner, Muskogee, Okla.; Jack Duskin, Dawson, Ga.; Ernest H. Judd, Atlantic City, N. J.; Frank P. Schwarz, New York City; Mrs. J. A. Wadsworth, Muskegon, Mich.; Mrs. Martin Juul, Minneapolis, Minn.; R. Kenneth Adams, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Alvira Masson, Utica, N. Y.; Mildred D. Crapser, New York City; Mrs. Theo J. Meyer, Charlotte, N. C.; Mrs. C. L. Helsel, Detroit, Mich.; Ned McMahon, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Victor L. Mindlin, Los Angeles, Calif.; Virginia B. Townsend, Crystal Beach, Fla.; Lucille VanWinkle, Denver, Colo.; Clarice Robertson, New York City; Elizabeth R. Rovero, Corona, N. Y.; Lenor Bruehler, Cleveland, Ohio; Rosalie M. Glass, Detroit, Mich.; Miss M. L. Meader, Pawtucket, R. I.; Alfred Perna, Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. W. Lyles, Jr., Louisville, Ky.; Charles J. Gallagher, Wilmington, Del.

P. Hunter, Ridgewood, N. J.; Elsie Goulston, New York City; Walter B. Mansfield, Schenectady, N. Y.; Rudolph H. Cartier, New York City; C. C. Goertemiller, Glenshaw, Pa.; Betsy B. Campbell, Hollywood, Calif.; Mrs. B. N. Froude, Los Angeles, Calif.; Velma Freytag, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Frieda M. Wewerka, Baltimore, Md.; Harold R. Colwell, New York City; Margaretta Desch, Hollywood, Calif.; Elsie M. Klinepiper, Muskegon, Mich.; Margaret B. Daulton, Aberdeen, S. D.; Sybil Singer, Chelsea, Mass.; Frank D. Burke, Louisville, Ky.; John V. King, Setauket, N. Y.



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SEVENTH WEEK SNAPSHOT AWARDS NEXT WEEK!

Horror, Hoboes



A "close-up" in *This Reckless Age*: Charles Rogers and Peggy Shannon.

Right: Fredric March in the dual rôle in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.



A New Version of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Selfish Youth, a Warning

By FREDERIC MAMOULIAN

(Reading time: 5 minutes 55 seconds.)

CHARLES ROGERS is a typical example of the vagaries of Hollywood.

Buddy's career has been a meteoric one. It covers the short span of six years. In that time he has made a round trip to the top. Now he is an outsider, trying his luck at radio.

Buddy came out of Kansas in 1925. His father was a small-town editor; he was attending the University of Kansas. Then he tossed everything aside to become a student at that noble experiment, the school of acting inaugurated at the Paramount studios. Buddy attracted attention and a few months later was playing fairly prominent rôles. Mary Pickford selected him as her leading man and his vogue grew until he became a star, seemingly set for a few years of stellar security.

Then something happened. He began slipping. His ingratiating abilities could not offset a series of bad rôles. He moved down from star rôles to featured ones. Now, at the venerable age of twenty-eight, he has started all over again as an adventurer of the air.

1 star means fairly good.

2 stars, good.

3 stars, excellent.

4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

CAST

Dr. Jekyll.....	Fredric March
Ivy Parson.....	Miriam Hopkins
Muriel Carew.....	Rose Hobart
Dr. Lanyon.....	Holmes Herbert
Brig. Gen. Carew.....	Halliwell Hobbes
Poole.....	Edgar Norton
Utterson.....	Arnold Lucy
Mrs. Hawkins.....	Temple Pigott

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian.
Produced by Paramount.

Following the astonishing success of *Frankenstein*, Hollywood has taken up horror in a big way. Like Mrs. Shelley's shocker, this famous tale of Robert Louis Stevenson points out the perilous danger of mocking God.

Dr. Jekyll, you will remember, had the theory that it was possible, by drugs, to divorce one's spiritual self from one's bestial nature, permitting the better portion to go on to great heights, although, it is regrettable to observe, it also allowed the other half to have a good time without the annoyances of a conscience. Thus, with drugs, the good doctor released his evil self, that half adopting the name of Hyde, while he prowled the alleys of London with sinister and murderous purpose. Time came, alas, when these metamorphoses manifested themselves unaided, with Jekyll changing into Hyde and back again at such inconvenient moments that the doctor finally committed suicide.

This time Hollywood has not been

entirely satisfied with the Stevenson fable of horror and morality. The tale has been sexed up. In movieland they call it providing the story with a psychological angle. Anyway, they have given the bad Mr. Hyde a love nest, where he keeps a pretty music-hall girl locked up. There the ex-Jekyll inhibitions have a lively Freudian time until the completely animal Hyde playfully strangles his love bird.

Fredric March, who is more Barrymoreish than John himself, now has the dual rôle done in the silent films by Mr. Barrymore in 1920. Mr. March gets such expert aid from trick photography that it is hard to tell whether the compliments for acting should go to the star or to the cameraman. You will get a kick out of the way Dr. Jekyll becomes Mr. Hyde right in front of your eyes.

This film version moves much too slowly, but it has a curious macabre force. Some of this comes from the admirable performance of Miriam Hopkins as the cockney charmer, Ivy. Dr. Jekyll's sweetheart, the coldly refined Muriel of Soho, is still as dull as ever, despite the appearance of Rose Hobart in the rôle.

and Honor



Left: Joan Blondell and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., chorine and hobo, in *Union Depot*.



Lil Dagover and Walter Huston in *The Woman from Monte Carlo*.

r. Hyde, Doug Junior's New Talkie,
War Picture

MES SMITH

★ ★ ½ UNION DEPOT

CAST

Chic.....Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Ruth.....Joan Blondell
Scrap Iron.....Guy Kibbee
The Baron.....Alan Hale
Bernardi.....George Rosener
Kendall.....David Landau
Parker.....Earle Foxe

Directed by Alfred E. Green.
Produced by First National.

An entertaining novelty, all the action taking place in the railway station and adjoining yards of a Western city to the melodic accompaniment of locomotive blasts.

Amusing and diverting, it does not stand analysis any better than the stuff your bootlegger gets off the boat.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., plays a modified Cagney, a young hobo living by his wits. He meets a chorus girl down on her luck and broke, and tries to help her.

His good intentions get him mixed up with counterfeiter and almost send him to prison.

Young Fairbanks is better than usual, Joan Blondell is authentic as the chorine, and the adventure is directed with speed and humor by Al Green.

★ ★ THIS RECKLESS AGE

CAST

Bradley Ingals.....Charles Rogers
Donald Ingals.....Richard Bennett
Mary Burke.....Peggy Shannon
Goliath Whitney.....Charlie Ruggles
Lois Ingals.....Frances Dee
Eunice Ingals.....Frances Starr
Pig Van Dyke.....Allan Vincent

Directed by Frank Tuttle.
Produced by Paramount.

The title tells the story: of young, headstrong, heedless, selfish youth. This, however, starts a little more humanly than usual. It centers upon the parents, who, having raised two children, have become philosophers.

When the action shows the father unjustly accused of falsifying a mining report and the children coming to their senses in time to save the family, the picture flops into the realm of plain movie.

Richard Bennett easily steals the picture as the sacrificing father. It is in this film that Buddy Rogers bows himself out of pictures.

★ THE WOMAN FROM MONTE CARLO

CAST

Lottie.....Lil Dagover
Captain Corlaix.....Walter Huston
D'Ortelles.....Warren William
Morbraz.....Robert Warwick

Directed by Michael Curtiz.
Produced by First National.

Lil Dagover, long an idol of German film fans, makes an unfortunate Hollywood debut in this completely unbelievable story of a woman with a

past who weds a guileless captain of a French cruiser.

Fräulein Dagover has a thankless rôle, and Walter Huston, an actor of easy, homely realism, is utterly lost in the part of the French captain. The battle cruiser, I must add, carried a heavy load of bad acting.

Do you know that—

James Durante, comic hit of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, has been given a new Metro-Goldwyn contract calling for \$1,750 weekly?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Emma, The Champ, Street Scene, Bad Girl.

★★★—Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, An American Tragedy, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners.

"Every Man's Hero"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"ALMOST sixty-seven years since Lincoln died," said Sandy thoughtfully, as he threw down the paper on the eve of Lincoln's Birthday, "and look what the country has come to!"

"It's the best country we have," wise-cracked Lil.

"No, I'm serious," said Sandy. "When I was a kid, growing up, Lincoln was my one ideal—my greatest hero.

When I'm rich, one thing I want to do is to take Ulysses down to Washington and show him the Lincoln Memorial; and I want to tell that kid all about Lincoln and what he stands for. It is mighty seldom I get worked up over any feeling of patriotism—"

"Hero worship isn't patriotism," argued Lil. "But, Sandy, I didn't know that you patterned yourself after Abraham."

"For heaven's sake, can't you quit kidding? Can't you be serious about anything or anybody? What do you know about Lincoln?"

"Fourscore and seven years ago," began Lil—and then stopped with a guilty expression.

"Don't you know anything else?"

"Of course I do!" snapped Lil. "I happen to have heard about the Civil War and the Emancipation."

"Did you ever read a book about him? Lincoln's life is better than any novel. Did you ever read about his love affairs? Do you know anything about his wife? Did you ever hear of Anne Rutledge, whom he loved, and who died when she was nineteen, or Mary Owens, who inveigled him into an engagement, or Sarah Rickard, or Mary Todd?"



This week's cover picture.

"He married Mary Todd, didn't he?" asked Lil.

"That's a swell question for any good American citizen to ask! Yes, he married her, but it wouldn't hurt you to read about it. I regard Lincoln as one of the greatest men in the whole history of the world. He ranks with Napoleon or anyone else, as far as I'm concerned."

"What religion was he?" asked Lil.

Sandy pulled an old notebook from his desk. He flipped through the pages excitedly.

"He didn't belong to any religion," he said. "I copied down something that he said that expressed his attitude on religion. Listen—don't you think that this is wonderful?"

Slowly, with great earnestness, Sandy read out of the notebook the words of Lincoln regarding the church:

"I have never united myself with any church because I have found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservations, to the long, complicated statements of Christian Doctrine which characterize their Articles of Belief and Confessions of Faith.

When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Master's condensed statement of the substance of both Law and Gospel, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," that church will I join with all my heart and soul."

(Next week's cover adventure: *The Bootleggers' Ball*)

Now Lose Fat a Pound a Day

Do Just These Two Simple Things—Fat Melts Away

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly **ON A FULL STOMACH**. Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. **WITHOUT A SINGLE HUNGRY MOMENT** you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

You just do two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half-hour before breakfast every morning.

Then do this about eating. **FILL YOUR STOMACH**—eat your fill—of lean meats, vegetables like spinach, cauliflower, cabbage, tomatoes, etc., and lots of salads. Eat a lot. Eat all you can hold. Don't go hungry a minute! Cut down on fats, sweets and desserts, bread. Eat any fruit for dessert.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the **MOISTURE-WEIGHT** of your body that much. For **REMEMBER, SOMETHING OVER 70% OF YOUR TOTAL WEIGHT IS MOISTURE**. That puffy, "too-tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then **EAT WELL** of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all **ON A FULL STOMACH**. Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.



YOU LOOK WONDERFUL—WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING TO GET THIN SO FAST? STARVING YOURSELF? I HARDLY KNEW YOU!

NO! I'M ACTUALLY EATING MORE THAN EVER—YET I'VE LOST AS MUCH AS 5 POUNDS IN A WEEK—AND TAKEN OFF INCHES OF FAT

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have. The change in diet—**THE FILLING OF THE STOMACH TO ITS LIMIT** with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the system and cut moisture-weight.

The change in food takes off the fat. Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

Note particularly—you are urged to take Jad Salts purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

The MYSTERY *of the*



General Hannafield returned home just in time for a late breakfast which he really didn't want.

Poisoned Kipper

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

(Reading time: 5 minutes 31 seconds.)

WHO sent the poisoned kipper to Major General Hannafield of the Royal Welch Lavaliers? That is the problem which is distorting Scotland Yard at the present moment, for the solution lies evidently in the breast of Major General Hannafield himself. And Major General Hannafield is dead. (At any rate, he doesn't answer his telephone.)

Following are the details, such as they are. You may take them or leave them. If you leave them, please leave them in the coat room downstairs and say that Martin will call for them.

One Saturday night about three weeks ago, after a dinner given by the Royal Welch Lavaliers for the Royal

Platinum Watch, Major General Hannafield returned home just in time for a late breakfast which he really didn't want. In fact, when his wife said, rather icily, "I suppose you've had your breakfast," the Maj. Gen. replied: "I'll thank you not to mention breakfast, or lunch, or dinner, until such time as I give you the signal." Mrs. Hannafield thereupon packed her bags and left for her mother's in New Zealand.

Along about eleven thirty in the morning, however, the Maj. Gen. extricated himself from the hatrack where he had gone to sleep, and decided that something rather drastic had to be done about his mouth. He thought of getting a new mouth; but as it was Sunday all the mouth

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

shops were closed, and he had no chance of sending into London for anything. He thought of water, great tidal waves of water, but even that didn't seem to be exactly adequate. So naturally his mind turned next to kippered herring. "Send a thief to catch a thief," is an old saying but a good one, and applies especially to Sunday-morning mouths.

So he rang for his man, and nobody answered.

The Maj. Gen. then went to the window and called out to the gardener, who was wrestling with a dahlia, and suggested that he let those dahlias alone and see about getting a kipper, and what's more a very salty kipper, immediately. This the gardener did.

On receiving the kipper, the Maj. Gen., according to witnesses, devoured it with avidity, paper and all, and then hung himself back up on the hatrack. This was the last that was seen of Major General Hannafield alive, although perhaps "alive" is too strong a word. Perhaps "breathing" would be better.

Mrs. Hannafield, being on her way to New Zealand, has been absolved of any connection with the crime (if causing the Maj. Gen.'s death can be called a crime, as he was quite an offensive old gentleman). The gardener, from his cell in the Old Bailey, claims that he bought the kipper from a fish stall in the High Street, and the fish vender in the High Street claims that he bought the kipper from the gardener.

ACCORDING to the officials of Scotland Yard, there are two possible solutions to the crime, neither of them probable: revenge, or inadvertent poisoning of the kipper in preparation. Both have been discarded, along with the remainder of the kipper.

Revenge as a motive is not plausible, as the only people who could possibly seek revenge on the Maj. Gen. were killed by him a long time ago. The Maj. Gen. was notoriously hot-tempered, and, when opposed, was accustomed to settling his neck very low in his collar and rushing all the blood available to his temples. In such states as this he usually said: "Gad, sir!" and lashed out with an old Indian weapon which he always carried, killing his offender. He was always acquitted, on account of his war record.

It is quite possible that some relatives of one of the Maj. Gen.'s victims might have tracked him from the Punjab or the Kit-Kat Club to his "diggings" in Diggings Street, but he usually was pretty careful to kill only people who were orphans or unmarried.

There was some thought at first that the Maj. Gen. might have at one time stolen the eye of an idol in India and brought it back to England, and that some zealot had followed him across the world and wreaked vengeance on him. A study of the rec-

ords, however, shows that the Maj. Gen. once tried to steal an emerald eye out of an Indian idol, but that the idol succeeded in getting the Maj. Gen.'s eye instead, and that the Maj. Gen. came back to England wearing a glass eye—which accounted for his rather baffling mannerism of looking over a person's shoulder while that person was talking to him.

Now as for the inadvertent poisoning of a kipper in the process of being cured. Herring are caught off the coast of Normandy (they are also caught practically everywhere, but Normandy makes a better story), brought to shore by Norman fishermen dressed up as Norman fishermen, and carried almost immediately to the kippering room.



Mrs. Hannafield and the ship's doctor have struck up an acquaintance.

THE herring kipperers are all under state control and are examined by government agents both before and after kippering. They are subjected to the most rigid mental tests, and have to give satisfactory answers to such questions as "Do you believe in poisoning herring?" and "Which of the following statements is true? (a) William the Norman was really a Swede; (b) herring, placed in the handkerchief drawer, give the handkerchiefs that *je ne sais quoi*; (c) honesty is the best policy.

If the kipperers are able to answer these questions, and can, in addition, chin themselves twelve times, they are allowed to proceed with their work. Otherwise they are sent to the French Chamber of Deputies, or Devil's Island, for ten years. So you can see that there is not much chance for a herring kipperer to go wrong, and practically no chance for Major General Hannafield to have been poisoned by mistake.

This leaves really nothing for Scotland Yard to work

on, except an empty stomach. The motive of revenge being out, and accidental poisoning being out, the only possible solution remaining is that Major General Hannafield was in no state to digest a kippered herring and practically committed suicide by eating it. This theory they are working on, and at the coroner's inquest (which ought to come along any day now) the whole matter will be threshed out.

An examination of the Maj. Gen.'s vital organs has disclosed nothing except a possible solution of the whereabouts of the collier Cyclops, which was lost during the Great War.

Here the matter stands, or rather *there*. (It was here a minute ago.) Mrs. Hannafield may have some

suggestions to offer, if she ever will land in New Zealand, but, according to radio dispatches, she is having an awfully good time on the boat and keeps going back and forth without ever getting off when they put into port. She and the ship's doctor have struck up an acquaintance, and you know what that means.

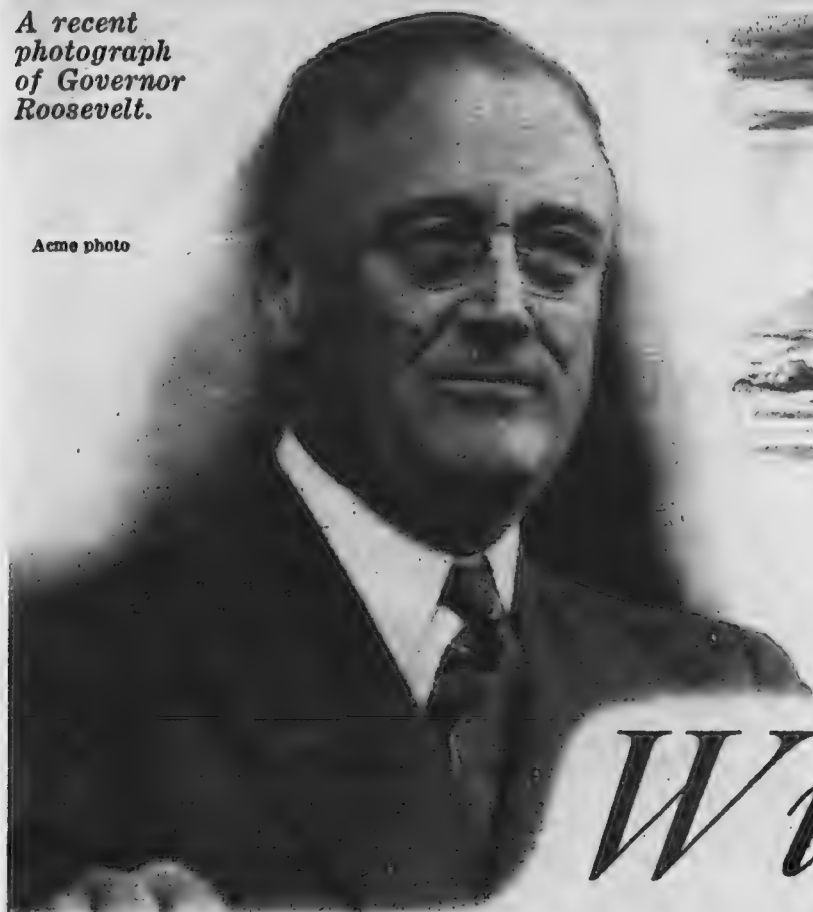
Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 31

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1—Springfield. | 11—The distance over which |
| 2—Amethyst. | light can travel in a year's time. |
| 3—In New Brunswick, New | 12—A slight offense; a petty |
| Jersey. | fault. |
| 4—Unconsciousness caused | 13—Praise ye Jehovah. |
| by a drug. | 14—Great sciatic nerve. |
| 5—Ontario. | 15—Nitroglycerin. |
| 6—The removal of the ver- | 16—A short saber common |
| miform appendix. | among Mohammedans. |
| 7—660. | 17—William T. Cosgrave. |
| 8—An animal of the sable | 18—A terse and instructive |
| kind. | saying. |
| 9—Brahma, Vishnu, and | 19—Julius Cæsar, Act 3, |
| Siva. | Scene 2. |
| 10—Seven. | 20—Work or energy. |

A recent
photograph
of Governor
Roosevelt.

Acme photo



Winning the WAR Against CRIME

*How Modern Methods of Handling Prisoners
Are Reforming the Criminal*

By FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York

(Reading time: 2 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE State of New York, as every other state, has been on the defensive with crime. But correction of conditions is not a matter of sudden offensives, rather of long-time planning for cure. In the past there have been sudden attacks; they have failed because in the confusion of the moment reform still saw punishment as the main objective.

Neither sensational outbreaks of gang warfare, conflicts between outlaws and police, nor even particular examples of criminal cruelty should distract the governor of a state from a policy of prevention as the best way to attain law and order.

For the last three years the prison program of the State of New York has been based on the new policy that the state must send those who have committed crimes back to their communities as citizens who will not again become charges on the pocketbooks of the people. This means that they must be made into useful as well as law-abiding citizens.

We are disproving the general impression that little can be done to reform the average man convicted of crime or misdemeanor. Actually the old-fashioned "hardened criminal" is disappearing in this and other states; his place is being taken by youth of from sixteen to twenty-four.

Since more than 90 per cent of those who enter state prisons come out as free persons, it is obvious that the bulk of the crime-prevention work should be done with these men.

We are studying as individual cases all those who have

been convicted. But even before a man convicted of a lesser offense is sentenced, an analysis of him and his environment decides whether he may be left at liberty, though on probation. This is the first step.

Those whose offenses, or other conditions, make it necessary to hold them in custody are first classified as to types. The individual is then sent to an institution organized and run for the human improvement of his particular classification. Prisoners are given sanitary housing and provided with educational, industrial, and agricultural work of the highest order.

In this work the incentive of time off from prison sentences is granted for good behavior and for progress in education for good citizenship.

Finally, when they go out into normal life, we place them on parole and encourage them in every way to stay straight.

These methods of crime prevention are proving effective, despite some individual failures and prison breaks. New York State is definitely winning its war on crime, though the sensational press may not allow the public to understand it for some years to come. When a state policy is developed with human understanding, it works.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Another of this series of articles on matters of state by Governor Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.

SIX WEEKS

By LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

Pictures by JAY BARNUM

(Reading time: 34 min. 40 sec.)

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

THURSTON PROCTOR'S face reflected neither the scorn nor the fury that Eve had expected when she had blurted out that she was Russell Ogden's wife.

"Go on. Tell me what you think of me," she invited miserably. If only she wouldn't cry at moments like this!

"This is no time to go into that," he said gruffly. "You've had a shock." The nurse came back into the room. "I'll be going. You mind the nurse, now, and the doctor. I'll be back this afternoon and tonight, but I expect to hear that you're asleep and being a good girl."

He came over and patted her on the cheek, stooped and kissed her forehead. He didn't appear outraged—not even angry.

"But I can't go to sleep with this on my mind," she protested. "I've lied to you. I've lied to all of you. I want to tell you why—"

"You can tell us just as well tomorrow, Eve. So far as I'm concerned, it doesn't really matter. Honestly, it doesn't. I didn't think, or I'd never have told you he was here. Don't let it worry you. Now I'm going out and arrange for a nice room for you and a couple of beautiful nurses for me. If nothing but your collar bone is broken or banged up, you'll be all right in a few days. And all of us are standing by you."

"When will I know," Eve demanded, in a small voice, blinking back the tears, "about my shoulder?"

The nurse answered: "As soon as the X-ray plates are developed. We're going in there now, and we'll have a report in a few minutes."

The little doctor came back. "How do you feel, little lady?" he asked.

"Fine," said Eve. It seemed to be the thing to say when the bottom had just dropped out of everything.

"Well, we're going to take you for a little ride. You just stay on that buggy, and we'll coast you over to the X-ray room. Now don't be frightened. It's just like sitting for your picture. Mr. Proctor can wait and see what we find. I don't anticipate anything more than a simple fracture of the clavicle. You're young and tough!"

"I feel so silly," Eve complained, as they wheeled her through the door marked "Roentgenologist." In a room adjoining the X-ray laboratory the nurse undressed her and put her into a hospital nightgown. Nice, cool nightgown that tied up in back.

"A lady named Marshbanks telephoned. She's bring-

ing over some of your things," the nurse informed her.

"I want to see her as soon as she comes," Eve instructed.

She grew drowsier and drowsier, until she couldn't concentrate on what she was going to say to Sally, how she was going to explain. The X-ray man worked swiftly; it didn't hurt at all, except when she had to move the arm. Even the sting of the antiseptic with which the doctor had swabbed her skinned knee and elbows had subsided. She was barely conscious of being wheeled into a small operating room, but she woke up, frightened, when she realized where she was.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded, trying to sit up.





THURSTON came in with such a brave attempt at his usual schoolboy grin that Eve's heart for her task almost failed her.

"Just set the collar bone, Mrs. McIntyre," the nurse soothed her. "It has to be immobilized, you know. It's painful, but it doesn't take long."

With her left shoulder strapped back with broad strips of tape and her left arm fastened against her side, she was wheeled to the elevator, dropped down a floor, and wheeled into a corner room, through whose windows a cool breeze was puffing. Another nurse adjusted the bed so that Eve could lean back against the pillows.

"Collar bones are more comfortable sitting up," the nurse said.

On the dresser sat a huge vase of Talisman roses.

"Your Mr. Proctor got them," the nurse explained, all smiles. "He certainly gets things done in a hurry. I'm

A Riddle in Roses—Heroine of the Hour—Laughing Off a Lie The Beginning of Wisdom—Eve Stops, Looks, and Leaps

Miss Wright—I'll be taking care of you. And there is a Mr. Joseph Williams downstairs, wanting to see you. We told him you were fine, but that you were going to sleep, and he could come back in the morning. He won't go, he says, until you send him some word. I can telephone down a message."

Eve looked at the telephone instrument on her bedside table. "Can't I talk to him?" she asked, sleepily cross.

"Let me give him a message, won't you?"

"Why can't I talk to him?" Eve was beginning to suspect that she was hurt more than they had admitted. Her face must have betrayed her fear.

"Just for a minute, then."

JOE'S voice sounded so miserable when he said, "That you, Miz Mac?" that Eve laughed.

"I just busted a collar bone, Joe. Where on earth were you when the ground came up and hit me?"

"I was in the next race, Miz Mac. I drew Number One position for the bulldoggin' and they let my steer loose whilst they was pickin' you up. When a man gets hurt we do that, soon's he's out of the way. By the time I got there, they'd took you to the hospital."

"I'm perfectly all right, Joe. You go back to the rodeo and do your stuff. Did you win the bulldogging?"

"I sure did, Miz Mac. Seventeen seconds. Best time I ever made. I just had to get that steer throwed and get to you."

"Joe, you're a lamb. Now you go back and win some more for me, will you?"

"Miz Mac, I sure feel terrible, that happenin' to you. But you sure got plenty of—what it takes—to finish that-away with one arm. I'm plumb proud of you. But if you was to 'a' been killed—"

"Joe, you're making me cry, and the nurse is going to take this telephone away from me. So long. You come to see me tomorrow."

"I sure will, Miz Mac, soon's they'll let me in."

The nurse took the telephone away from her, reassured him.

"She's resting easy, Mr. Williams. She's really not hurt badly; just the collar bone broken. . . . You don't say!" She turned to Eve, her eyes dancing. "He says he's broken both of his, and it ain't bad except you have to stay off a horse about two weeks. . . . She's laughing, Mr. Williams. . . . We'll see you tomorrow."

When Sally arrived with the week-end case, Eve was asleep. She slept, fitfully, all afternoon and until seven o'clock the next morning. When she awoke, a strange nurse was in the room.

"Good morning, Mrs. McIntyre," she said cheerily. She was a little, black-haired butterball, even prettier than Miss Wright. "How about a little breakfast, after we wash your face?"

"Who sent all the flowers?" Eve asked hazily.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

SIX WEEKS

[Cont'd from page sixty-one.]

The nurse brought her the cards. The Talisman roses were from Mr. Proctor; the dozen pink La France roses bore a florist's card inscribed "For a game little lady" and the name of Joseph Grady Williams, Better Luck Ranch. On the bed table was a basket of yellow tea roses, yellow snapdragons, and the tiny white stars of baby's breath, in an airy cloud of green foliage. Sally's, of course.

"That's the loveliest bouquet I ever saw," the nurse opined. "There's another three dozen of those pink roses out in the flower room. I just thought so many would be overpowering in here all at once. He certainly showered you with roses."

"YOU mean Joe Williams sent four dozen roses?"

"Exactly."

Eve gasped. "The darling! You'll have to bring the rest in when he comes to see me."

"There are three other bouquets. I'll go get them!" She trotted out, came back three times with vases, read the cards attached. "The lovely delphiniums are from Mr. Lorimer Sturges. The Japanese irises—aren't they grand?—are from Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Sanford. And this little fellow, so sweet and old-fashioned, had no card. I've looked twice, but there is no card."

Eve's heart leaped. She had carried a bouquet like that—of lace paper, maidenhair fern, and tiny Sweet-heart roses, bought in a florist's shop across from the courthouse in Elkhart—when she was married. Could Russell have sent it?

"Honey," the nurse was saying, "you mustn't cry like that! You're a very lucky girl—all these lovely flowers. Why, people come to this hospital who've been used to every luxury in the world, and don't get a flower or have a single visitor except a doctor and a lawyer. And you're just smothered with flowers and telephone calls! There's a man downstairs already, waiting to see you. The doctor said he could come up as soon as you wanted him."

"Who?" Eve asked, wiping her eyes on the sleeve of the good arm.

"That Mr. Williams, from the ranch. He certainly is high, wide, and handsome, isn't he? I went down and told him you were all right, but I wouldn't wake you. He's been here since seven o'clock."

"Couldn't he come up while I'm eating breakfast?"

"I don't see why not. You're just a simple fracture case. Provided you don't let him excite you," she added, a teasing gleam in her eye.

Presently Joe came in, hat in hand. He seemed about eight feet tall in the room. "I had to see for myself that



you come out all right, Miz Mac," he said, standing at the foot of the bed and regarding her gravely.

Eve held out her right hand to him, and he came around and shook it carefully, sat on the arm of the chair beside the bed.

"Tell me about the rodeo," she demanded. "I missed the good part."

"Well, they give you first money," he said, grinning.



"I THINK you're a girl who never had a break, Eve, though you aren't so blameless in this matter, child. You were priggish and hard-headed and intolerant."

"They was one woman—that little loud-mouth redhead from the Underhill ranch—she claimed your saddle turnin' disqualified you, but the judges give her second money without no argument. She was three len'ths behind you. Only four out of the nine ladies finished."

"Oh, I'm sure that was wrong," said Eve. "I should have been disqualified."

JOE grinned. "Says you. They didn't announce it until after the bulldoggin' was halfway through, and they said you'd busted a collar bone and finished the race anyhow, and you could 'a' heard 'em yell clear over here, I reckon. You're sure she's all right?" he asked the nurse grimly.

"Perfectly. We took X rays. But we'll have to take it easy for a while. We don't want any knots in that pretty shoulder, do we?"

Joe blushed. "Is there anything I could bring you?" he demanded.

"Not a thing, Joe. Those flowers of yours were simply stunning. How did you know I liked pink roses?"

"I just thought they looked like you," said Joe, getting up. "I went downtown and picked 'em out."

"The rest of them are in the ice box, Mr. Williams," the nurse put in smoothly. "We'll bring them out when these begin to wilt."

"I took your hundred dollars gold to Miz Sanford," Joe said.

"You're to have one of those gold pieces for a lucky piece; don't forget, Joe."

Joe flushed with pleasure. "I'll sure treasure that,

Miz Mac, I sure will. Well, I'll be goin' along. I got to take the morning mail out to the ranch. It sure was nice of you to let me in so soon. When can I come back?" He glanced at the nurse.

"Any time Mrs. McIntyre likes."

"How's Pansy, Joe? I almost forgot to ask you."

"I ain't spoke to her yet, Miz Mac. Dan Lindsay said he'd take care of her. You'd ought to 'a' kicked her in the slats, like I told you, swellin' up on you that way."

"Tut, tut, Joe! That wasn't Pansy's fault; it was mine. She didn't swell up a bit; I was just in too much of a hurry. You go home and be nice to her."

Joe gripped. "I'll have her ready for you when you get out. Well, so long, Miz Mac. I'll be seein' you."

Joe would be one person, Eve reflected as the door closed behind him, who wouldn't censure her for the lie she had been living at the Better Luck.

Would Russell try to see her? No. It wasn't done. She had a vague idea it would invalidate her divorce suit. Next Thursday! Have to get out of here by next Thursday; out of Reno by Friday. She hoped no one had wired Rush about her accident; he'd be just foolish enough to come back from Canada. And how, at this moment, she wished he would!

SHE had eaten sparingly of the breakfast. There was a thumping pain in her shoulder and arm, but lying still was maddening, when she wanted to be up and facing her music. Facing Thurston would be bad enough, facing Sally would be worse, and facing Russell Ogden—but no, he wouldn't come to the hospital, even if he had sent that old-fashioned bouquet.

The doctor came at eleven, quizzed her, left well pleased. She went back to the treadmill of her thoughts.

Sally was announced at half past eleven, and came in smiling broadly.

"Hello, little bronco-buster," she called out from the doorway. She had on an oyster pongee dress, black-and-white shoes and black clocked stockings, a white panama with a black band around it. More new clothes, Sally-smart clothes.

"Darling, you do look sweet and cool," Eve said, to hide her embarrassment. Sally came over, plopped herself on the bed, and kissed Eve.

"Oh, sorry! Did I hurt you?"

"No," said Eve. "You're all so sweet." Her eyes were filling with tears again. Mustn't cry. Stick out your chin and take it, baby!

Sally transferred herself to the armchair less precipitately.

"You're the heroine of the hour all over Reno. Prock is downstairs, talking to a reporter about you. You see, Joe Williams told everybody yesterday that you'd never been on a horse before you came here. He's all cut up about your getting hurt, but he's proud as Punch of you."

"Oh, Sally, can't you stop him? He mustn't talk to the newspapers!"

"Why not? You're just a divorcee named Eve McIntyre. Nobody's going to give you away, darling. Don't look like that!"

So Sally knew!

"Did he tell you—about me?" Eve demanded, with all the nerve she could summon.

"Prock? Lord, child, he didn't have to. I knew who you were."

Her smile wasn't any the less cordial; her voice didn't betray the least taint of spiteful triumph.

"You knew I was a fraud—and—and a liar?" Eve faltered.

"Of course, you little goose." Sally seemed to think it amusing!

"And you didn't—it didn't make any difference?"

"Why should it? Did you expect me to denounce you? If you wanted to keep quiet about it, was that any of my business? You're not the first woman who's come to Reno under cover."

"But you and Russell— Sally, I might as well tell you the whole truth. I resented it terribly at first—when I found out about you and Russell."

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SIX WEEKS
[Continued from page sixty-three]

"Prock told you, in the car, that first night. I heard him."

"And you didn't—"

"It was amusin', darling. I mean living with you when you thought I was a vampire who was stealing your husband—"

"Oh, I didn't!" Eve protested. "Nobody could be around you even a little while and think you were—that! You're such a peach, Sally." She laughed through the tears. "I got to the point where I wasn't sure Russell was worthy of you. But I was all tangled up in that lie—"

Sally was staring out of the window. "You poor little devil," she said huskily. "I'm really not so hot, you know. I'm a selfish woman who takes what she wants and damns the consequences. And the consequences, up to date, haven't been so hot, either."

"Tell me how you knew me," Eve demanded.

"Why, in Russell's letter, that day you fainted, he said his wife was in Reno. And about two days later it suddenly came over me where I'd seen you before and that the name of Eve McIntyre—the same as hers—wasn't a coincidence."

"Where—"

"He carries your picture in his automobile license case. Nearly a year ago, when a cop nabbed us outside of Trenton, he looked at me and back at the picture and said: 'This don't look right. I s'pose you was hurrying home?' Russell caught what he meant, and winked, and he let us go with a warning. I made Russell show me the picture. We talked about you pretty freely after that. Eve, can you stand a shock?"

Eve nodded.

"You're sure?"

"I'm all right. What?"

Sally smiled. "Would it shock you to know that your husband is still in love with you?"

Eve stared at her. "What makes you think—"

"I don't think. I know it."

"But he wants to marry you!"

Sally shook her head. "No. Prock was just romancing. I'm awfully fond of Russell, and he is of me, and I won't deny we talked about marrying. But he's still in love with you, and I made him admit it before I came out to Reno."

"BUT why did you tell me—"

"I was a fraud and a liar, too, darling. I told you so I could see how you'd react. And it was as plain as your little nose on your face that you did react. You've never given him up in your heart, have you, Eve?"

"I don't know," Eve confessed miserably.

"I thought I had. If he's still—if he still wanted me, why did he suggest that I should divorce him? He said he wanted to try over, and I thought you were the person he wanted to try over with."

"Naturally. But do you recall exactly how he worded that letter to you?"

Eve closed her eyes. "He said: 'For two years you have been sending back my checks and letters. I am wondering whether you are still in the same mind and what you intend to do with yourself. You are still a young woman, and you ought to have a chance to find happiness, if I can't give it to you. Speaking for myself, I'd like to try over. If you don't want to communicate with me direct, at least I hope you'll let my attorneys know your pleasure.' And he signed it, 'Sincerely, Russell Ogden, Junior.' And that was all. That's word for word."

Sally nodded. "He told me what he had written you, and I told him it was the most ambiguous letter I'd ever heard of, not to be deliberately misleading. And, of course, you read it to mean that he wanted to try over by marrying somebody else. I told him any hurt woman would read it that way. I raised hell with him for not showing the letter to me, but Russell, of course, is an impulsive small boy, and when he gets a big idea

he just can't wait to jump into it with both feet—"

Eve was blinking at Sally. "You mean he wanted to try over with me?"

"I mean just that. I know, because he got tight and said so. Don't look—"

"Please, Sally," Eve interrupted, "will you say that again? Russell wanted me back?"

"He got tight and cried about you, poor boy. I told him perhaps you could make a go of it if you two got together and talked out all your troubles somewhere away from the holy aunts. And he went straight home and wrote you, still cockeyed, and the result was to send you galloping off to Reno. Of course, when the long arm of Old Man Coincidence threw us together that way, I decided to take the chance to see what you were made of, really. So we were both playing the same game."

"AND what do you think I am really like?" Eve asked meekly.

"I think you're a girl who never had a break, Eve, though you aren't so blameless in this matter, child. You were priggish and hard-headed and intolerant. I'm talking straight—but I think—I know, from what I've seen of you and how you've changed since you came here, that you're not a prig and not an ass, and that all you need is a chance to find out what the big world is all about. Rush Taylor did a lot for you. For a while I was afraid you were going to marry him. You aren't, are you?"

Eve shook her head negatively.

"Then I hoped Prock would seduce you. It would have done you good, I'm sure. You need to be waked up. You're one of the nicest little bits of lovable female I've ever known, but you've got that Victorian spinster viewpoint that sometimes makes me want to shake your teeth out. But I knew you weren't just a little prude by the way you tolerated my running around with Lorrie Sturges. If you had ever broken out to Prock or to anyone about the way I was two-timing Russell, I'd have admitted I was wrong and washed my hands of you. But you didn't."

"Why did you think I'd tell?" Eve asked.

Sally went on calmly:

"You were in love with Russell. You thought he was going to marry me. You had me cold, cheating on him. The temptation would have been too strong for a cheap woman to resist. A wife in your position who had no scruples would have contrived to get the bad news to him, somehow. You didn't, and, moreover, you didn't really want to. You made up your mind that Lorrie was the right man for me, and it wasn't any effort to keep hands off. Isn't that so?"

"I don't know whether my hands are so clean," Eve confessed. "I did think you weren't—just the sort for Ruddy. I don't mean that you weren't good enough. I just

thought you and Lorrie were made for each other. Rush thought so, too. He said so once, and he didn't know about Ruddy. It's funny, but—I told him all about Russell without telling his name."

"Darling," Sally interrupted, "he didn't want to know whose wife you were. He was in love with you."

"It's a pretty hard thing to refuse a man when he's so whole-hearted about—about wanting you," Eve admitted.

"Of course it is. With Russell out of the way, you'd have married him. I told Prock so."

"What did he say? When was that? Did he know all the time?"

"He found out in Philadelphia. Russell said he didn't want to come to Reno, because his wife was there, getting a divorce. Prock wondered if he'd seen you, and asked what you looked like, and Russell showed him your picture."

"And then what?"

"Prock got me on long distance. I told him the best thing he could do was to bring Russell out here and see what happened."

Eve couldn't say a word.

"Prock wants to marry you. What about him?" Sally pursued.



"WHEN a cop nabbed us he looked at me and back at the picture and said: 'This don't look right. I s'pose you was hurrying home?'"



"He hasn't said so."

"But you know it."

Eve nodded. "Sally, what am I to do?"

"You'll have to make up your own mind. There's plenty of time. I suppose I ought to be shot for coming in here and tearing you up this way when you're all shaken up. But you'd have fretted yourself sick, worrying about what Prock and I would think of you. Lorrie thinks it's funny, if you're worried about him."

"How did you find out he knew?"

"He admitted it last night, when we were all talking about you."

Eve had a panicky moment.

"Was Ruddy there?" she demanded.

"Of course not. We sent him to bed. He was pretty well shot—flying out here in thirty-two hours, and then watching you try to break your neck."

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SIX WEEKS

[Continued from page sixty-five]

"You haven't talked to Russell about—all this?"

"I wrote to Russell ten days ago. I said I'd looked over his wife in great detail, and I thought he'd be a fool not to come out and join her suitors. Now, Eve, I want to lecture you just a little more, if you can bear it."

Eve gave mute permission.

"If, after you've seen Russell and talked it all out with him, you do decide to try over, you've got to break away from that maiden-aunt complex. You've got to realize that your husband is a high-strung, high-pressure, ultra-modern young man who has been brought up badly. He's not through cutting his wisdom teeth. The trouble the bank has been going through has been very good for him. He's through trying to drown himself in Scotch. You'll have to forget that. He was crazy about you, and when you didn't measure up, he went haywire."

"How didn't I measure up?" Eve demanded earnestly. "Of course I know I didn't, but you might know things—"

"You listened to your aunts' croaking about marrying a young wastrel who would drink and carouse and break your heart. And the first time he went off the straight and narrow, you froze up on him."

"I never did accuse Russell of—of being unfaithful."

"It would have cleared the air if you had, because he probably was, and you knew it and resented it like hell. What made you leave him, if you didn't?"

"Why, he stayed away days at a time, and just had his secretary notify me instead of doing it himself, and then he forgot our first anniversary—"

Sally showed the first trace of exasperation. "Eve," she said, "if you'd been the sort of mistress and mother and wife he needed, he'd never have neglected you. I know what you did. You snubbed him when he came home drunk, and you were damned sober and superior— Did you ever realize that your husband was a customers' man, a hand-shaker, a mixer?"

"No, I really didn't."

"Of course you didn't. Your father is an engineer, a sort of demigod, the head man, and he doesn't have to be nice to anybody. They come to him. Your husband was in the business of getting money away from people by sheer charm, persuasiveness, and any means that would work. You married him in a bull market—June, 1928, wasn't it? It was raining dollars, and he was out scrambling on his hands and knees for them. Do you know what you should have been doing? You should have been out with your skirts held up to catch the manna from heaven, and to hell with how much leg you were showing. He needed an entertainer, and he got a disapprover." She paused to light another cigarette.

"I ASKED him why he didn't tell you so, and he said he just couldn't talk things out with you—you'd begin to ooze tears, and he'd break down and want to pet you, and you'd push him off—and the next thing he knew he'd wake up in a strange bed with a headache and a blonde— Oh, I'm sorry, Eve, I shouldn't have said that."

"Why not?" said Eve, setting her jaw. "You haven't been sparing my feelings."

Sally got up. "Oh, well, forget it. I'm sorry. I should have kept my advice to myself."

Eve got her by the hand and pulled her down on the side of the bed.

"Ouch!" she said. "Sit down. Now who's being thin-skinned? You don't expect me to take all this—without—without showing some feeling, do you? It stings—like hell. But, Sally, if you walk out of here, I'll walk after you. Nobody ever talked like this to me about marriage—and my part of the job."

"Russell was too young, and too vulnerable. Why didn't your father put you straight?"

"I haven't seen my father since I left Russell. He's been in Manchuria, and I just couldn't write it all out. I didn't want to bother him, anyway. I married without consulting him, and he taught me when I was a little girl to clean up my own messes."

"But you didn't clean up your own mess. You went right on living with it, like an early Christian martyr in a catacomb. Some wise-cracker once said—I think it was George Nathan—'When love dies, there is no funeral; the corpse remains in the house.' You've kept yours two years. Now you've either got to bring it back to life, or cremate it."

Eve evaded the issue. "I did see my father in the fall of '28," she reflected, "but I told him we were getting along all right. We'd been married only about four months."

"What did your father think of Russell?"

"He didn't meet him."

"Why not, in heaven's name?"

"Well, dad wanted to surprise me, and he radioed me just the day before he landed in New York and asked us to meet him there. Ruddy was in Oklahoma, on some kind of a municipal bond issue business, and he talked to dad on the telephone and explained why he couldn't come back just then. Dad seemed to think it was all right, but it nearly broke my heart. It didn't seem to me that any business could be so important—"

"DARLING, it wasn't his own business. It was the firm's. Your father was disappointed, I'm sure, but he knows you can't be sentimental in the face of a million-dollar profit. Did he wait until the next steamer to meet his only son-in-law? He did not. And why? Business. He had to be in Manchuria."

"I didn't look at it that way."

"The trouble with you, Eve—and I'm not saying this to be cruel—is that you lived in a charming, make-believe world like Peter Ibbetson's, and married into a very hustling, unromantic world."

"But that's enough of my impertinence. I'll leave you with this thought: you gave Russell Ogden a very shabby deal, because you were full of pink pap about married bliss and he needed a working wife. If you go back to him, remember this: your job will be ten times as hard as it was in 1928, because he's bankrupt now and fighting like hell to keep from going under. Prock says there's not the slightest doubt that it was Russell who kept the old ship from sinking. The Ogden business is going to be managed by Russell, Junior, and a confidential man of Lorrie's named Hendricks. And Russell's salary is going to be exactly five hundred dollars a week, and no commissions."

"He'll be working night and day, he'll be worn out, he'll be hard to live with, until this crisis is past. Unless you go back with a real will to roll up your sleeves and get into the gory mess up to your elbows, Russell will be a thousand times better off without you."

She stood up.

"I've given you a stiff dose—a regular Mussolini quart of it. If you never want to see me again, I shan't blame you. You're an honest soul, Eve, and you've got guts, so I know if you do go back it'll be for better or worse, and no whining if it's mostly worse."

Eve could only reach her unbandaged arm up to Sally, pull her face down and kiss it, as a small child would kiss a mother who had just spanked her soundly for her own good.

"I'm not coming back until you send for me," Sally said, "and Russell isn't coming here unless you send for him, and you're not going to do that unless you mean it. He'll be here until tomorrow midnight. About Prock: he can afford to give you a soft life—strawberries and cream and sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam—even in 1931. He's self-sufficient; he doesn't need a helpmeet. He thinks you're perfect; in your quaint way you are, but I think you'll outgrow it. And please believe this:



I've said some harsh and cruel things to you today, but I am honestly your friend, Eve, and I wish you well with all my—"

Was the girl crying? She whirled and went out the door precipitately.

Eve turned her face into the pillow and bawled like a baby. The nurse hurried in.

"Why on earth didn't you call me?" she stormed. "I'd have run that woman out of here so fast—"

"She didn't—she wasn't—" Eve protested. "I asked her to tell me—some things, and she did; just what I've needed—" The tears gushed again, and she cried it out. The nurse sat on the bed and massaged the back of her neck. Presently she felt better. "How soon can I get out of bed?" she demanded.

The nurse regarded her sternly. "As soon as the doctor says you can, and not a minute sooner."

"I don't mean to seem unappreciative. You've been so kind to me—but I've just got to get—to get somewhere and make up my mind about—important things."

The nurse smiled. "I don't know a better place to make up your mind than flat on your back in this bed. Why, I've had patients here taking a rest cure, when all they wanted was a chance to think. If you say so, there'll be no more visitors."

"There won't be many, anyway, Mr. Williams—he's very good for me. And if a Mr. Ogden should call, please let me know at once; if I'm asleep, wake me up."

The doctor came at five o'clock, stayed briefly, left. Eve nibbled at her supper. All afternoon, between interruptions, she had been trying to reconstruct her whole life with Russell Ogden to see where and when she had failed to measure up to her job. What she discovered, with the new vision that Sally's plain talk had provided, was amazing. She lay awake until past midnight, grimly at it; she awoke at seven Monday morning with her mind made up.

"**WILL** you telephone the Better Luck Ranch, please," she instructed the nurse, "and ask Mr. Proctor to come to see me this morning, if it's convenient."

Mr. Proctor was announced at nine o'clock exactly. Eve had decked herself in the pale yellow crêpe pyjamas with black-eyed Susans scattered on them, which she had worn for Thurston and Rush Taylor a month before.

Thurston came in with such a brave attempt at his usual schoolboy grin that Eve's heart for her task almost failed her. She tried to joke away the misery in his face.

"You're a loyal one," she said. "Why haven't you been to see me?"

"How do you feel?" He came over slowly, bumped into a chair, sat down in it. "Always the bull in the china shop," he growled. "How are you, honest?"

"Brave and wonderful," said Eve, smiling her best. "You haven't answered me."

"Oh," he said absently. "Why, I didn't think you wanted to see me. You know—resting. Sally said you were—pretty well upset yesterday."

"Now, tell me the truth," Eve challenged him.

He looked at her squarely, looked away. "If you want the truth," he said, "I was clearing the decks for the skipper."

"You're too nautical."

"For your husband."

The smile died on her lips. "Why?" she pursued, after a silence.

"Why not? He's crazy in love with you, Eve. Didn't you know it?"

"Honestly, Thurston, I didn't, until Sally told me, yesterday. It's a long, complicated story."

PROCTOR nodded. "I know. He told me. Hours of it."

"When?"

"In Pittsburgh. He seemed to need to get it off his chest. I'd seen your picture—"

"Sally told me about that. He knew you knew me?"

"Oh, yes. I'd blurted that out in Philadelphia, at his place, when he showed me your picture. He'd have thought it queer if I had denied knowing you, because Sally had just written him that you were rooming with her at the ranch."

"What did you tell him about me? But, of course, there wasn't anything to tell."

"Wasn't there?" he asked dryly. "I thought there was. But I didn't. That would have been just a little too perfect, even for the old Boy Scout."

"Prock—do you hate me?"

He raised his head, met her eyes steadily.

"I love you," he said simply. "But that's out."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because he loves you and he's a grand guy and you still love him—and you are going back to him."

"How do you know?"

He shrugged, looking out the window at the far Sierras.

"I knew it the minute I came into the room," he said. "You had to break it to me, and you were sorry for me, and ashamed, and scared. It was in your face."

She reached out her hand for his. He had to lean forward.

"Prock, I didn't know he wanted me back. You believe that, don't you?"

He nodded.

"If I had known, I'd never have come to Reno. That first night, I was reckless. I was out here to forget and start over. You can understand that."

He nodded, still gazing at the hills. "Reno's full of women like that," he said. "But it's not full of women like you," he added grimly.

"You don't have to spare my feelings," she said miserably. "I haven't spared yours."

His look rebuked her.

"Prock, I don't know whether this is better said or unsaid, but I'm going

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COMPLETE
COMFORT
WITH
MODESS



AT A NEW LOW PRICE

WHY risk discomfort for the fifty trying days of the year? The easy comfort of softly fluffed Modess makes these difficult days more endurable—happier. Its safety backing saves you from fear of embarrassment.

Johnson & Johnson have reduced the price of Modess. It is the same quality—nothing changed but the price. The most you should now pay is 30¢ a box.

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SANITARY NAPKINS

COLDS

RUB Musterole well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole-rub *once an hour for five hours* . . . what a glorious relief!

Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole to make it what doctors call a “*counter-irritant*” because it gets action and is not just a salve.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



Her Blonde Hair brought him back

HE couldn't forget how her hair sparkled and shone . . . And so another lovers' quarrel is patched up—by Blondex. This special shampoo keeps blonde hair thrilling with golden lights—safely brings back true golden color to dull, faded blonde hair. Prevents darkening. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Stimulates the scalp. Try Blondex today and see the difference. At all drug and department stores.

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“Klutch” Holds False Teeth Tight

“KLUTCH” forms a comfort cushion; holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop or be played with. You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth. Don't endure loose plates another day. “Klutch” will end your troubles. 50¢ at druggists. If your druggist hasn't it, have him order it for you. If he does not, don't waste money on substitutes but write us. We will mail you a box. Send us 60¢ when satisfied.

HART & CO., Box 2038-B, Elmira, N. Y.

LEARN TO LIVE FREE INTRODUCTORY BOOK

Overcome YOUR daily obstacles. Why struggle along, merely existing? The practical, modern teachings of the ROSICRUCIANS are uplifting, containing principles of psychology showing you how to attain MASTERSHIP OF YOURSELF. The Free Book, “Light of Egypt,” will be sent to sincere students only without obligation. It is your chance to learn to really live.

ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD

(AMORC)

Librarian E. V. I. San Jose, California

SIX WEEKS

[Continued from page sixty-seven]

to say it: If this hadn't happened—my finding out that Russell wanted me to—to try over—I'd have married you, I think, if I could have got you.”

“You had me,” he said. “Why beat about the bush? I'm glad you said that. It's a lot of comfort.”

“I'd have confessed to you first that I was still in love with—with the man I married, if not with my husband—”

“And I'd have sent you back to him after you got your divorce, just to make sure—” He broke off with an ironic grin. “No, I'm not that noble. I'd have taken you on your own terms. It's not good sense, but men have been doing it for a long time, I suppose.”

“And ruining it?” she suggested.

“You can't tell until you try. Well, grin and bear it.”

He got to his feet wearily.

“I'm not going to make the usual speech about being always at your service—you know I will be, but it sounds too much like presuming that you'll need help.”

“Do you think I shall?”

“How can I tell?”

“How can I, for that matter? Well, my man—my man Thursday”—she was perilously near to tears, and she simply mustn't cry this time—“I'm not going to play the medieval lady and swear you to fealty and tie a little white glove on your helmet—it's not fair.”

“YOU'VE got nothing to do with that,” he said. “If I want to be your perpetual Boy Scout, how can you stop me? I'll just be waiting at the street crossing on rainy days.”

“I thought you weren't going to talk about rainy days.”

“I'm human. Well, out yon doorway I must go, brave and wonderful.”

A hysterical thought flashed across her mind. First Rush Taylor, then Proctor—and Joe Williams, of course. She was collecting a whole Round Table of loyal knights.

He thought she was laughing at his parting line. He paused in the doorway. “That's the spirit. No tears. No kisses. No regrets. Just goin' along, singin' a song, waitin' for a rainy day.”

He was gone. She hoped he hadn't heard the sob she couldn't hold back any longer. The nurse padded in.

“You're the darnedest,” she scolded. “I let in nice, jolly people to see you and they all go away looking like death and leave you crying. Cheer up, child. You'll be out of here, pronto, and the whole world's waiting for you. Excuse me, Mrs. McIntyre, I don't mean to be fresh, but you worry me. You cry too all-fired much. Isn't there something I can do about it?”

“THERE is,” said Eve. “At least, we might try it; I hope it works.”

“What?”

“Call the Better Luck Ranch for me. Ask for Mrs. Marjoribanks in Cabin Number Nine.”

The nurse got the ranch on the wire—presently got Sally.

“Tell her that Eve wants her to—wait, I'll talk to her.”

The nurse surrendered the phone. “Sally, is Russell where you can find him?”

“He's at the hotel in Reno with Lorrie. I'm going in for lunch with them.”

“Well, suppose you call him and ask him to come over to see me when—when it's convenient.”

There was a wild yell at the other end of the line. A buzzing.

“Sally! . . . Hello! . . . Operator! . . . Jiggle the thing there,” Eve instructed the nurse.

She jiggled it.

“I was cut off—” Eve began.

“Sorry. Just a minute,” said the hospital operator.

A crisp voice at the other end of the wire said: “Better Luck!”

“Thank you,” said Eve soberly, and hung up.

THE END

Solution of Last Week's Yardleygram

Russell puzzled over the cipher for a long while and was on the verge of giving up, when his eyes caught the first three letters, HAR. This, it occurred to him, might be the beginning of the word Harry, the spy's first name. By searching the other lines of the cipher he found his guess correct, and quickly underlined the rest of the message and handed it to his gray-haired instructor:

GYOPXFRBRMKGRYQPZGQMZYRZRLBLC (cipher)
r u n t t c o

“The message reads: ‘Harry Hudson is a traitor, act at once,’” he said. “I would have deciphered it more quickly, but my trouble seems to be that I do not recognize words when the letters are scattered about.”

“Experience will cure that,” Crossle assured him.

“Was your plan successful?”

“Yes. A few days after we mailed the letter to the secret cover-address, the White House usher staggered into the Blue Room, mortally wounded. His executioner had used a Maxim silencer. On the usher's lapel was pinned a note which read: ‘Harry Hudson, German traitor.’”

“Are all ciphers of the Julius Cæsar type?” Russell asked.

“No, there are a thousand different systems. The next one I give you will be the ‘rail fence’ cipher originated by the Union forces during the Civil War.”

ANOTHER YARDLEYGRAM WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



The Older Day Found the Fond Papa Walking the Icy Floor with Babykins



This Day and Age Is Different. High-Priced Crooners Sing the Lullaby, While Mama and Papa Dance to the Radio Music



More Minds on Mass Meetings and Taxes

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Three cheers for Liberty!

Never, since I have read it, (three and a half years) was there as great an editorial as in the January 9 issue. I refer to "Mass Meetings to Save Us from Throttling Taxes."

You are right, Liberty, sincere—and we are the fools!

Uncle Sam, awake and knock out the



dunces and muddleheads who seem to be doing our thinking for us! Knock off their dunce caps and make them put on their thinking caps.

Let there be an agreement that prohibition is only foolishness, fake, good for untaxed grafters and gangsters but bad for the tax-burdened people!

Don't fool yourselves, for it is *you* and *you* and *you* who will pay taxes, unless the money for extra taxation is squeezed out of the liquor industry.—*One Who Thinks Farther.*

RIDLEY PARK, PA.—Your editorial, "Mass Meetings to Save Us from Throttling Taxes," was the weakest and most disappointing editorial that I have ever read in your wonderful magazine.

Will you kindly advise why England, Germany, and other countries in Europe who do not have prohibition are in such financial straits and dealing out the dole?—*Henry W. Buse.*

OAKLAND, CALIF.—In your editorial on "throttling" taxes you say: "If the bootlegger's profits could be confiscated, or if this idiotic prohibition law could be repealed, there would be no need for our paying more taxes."

Whatever the source of tax revenue, the people pay the tax. If the people will cease patronizing the bootlegger, they will have money for taxes. The licensed liquor traffic was a most expensive tax collector. For each dollar of liquor tax it paid the government, it collected no less than ten dollars from the people.

Relief for the people is obvious and

easily attainable by them. Let them cease buying liquor.—*J. L. Campbell.*

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—I most heartily approve your proposal to confiscate the profits of the bootleggers and place the money in the public treasury for the benefit of the people as a whole, as expressed in your editorial, "Mass Meetings to Save Us from Throttling Taxes."

I favor prohibition but I am opposed to any criminal law that is not supported by a sufficient majority of our citizens to be adequately enforceable, and it seems evident that our prohibition laws are not supported to that degree.—*Wm. R. Saunders.*

The Farm Cloud's Silver Lining

BROOKLYN, WIS.—We surely do feel sorry for the folks that Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. told us about in his article, "How Society Is Meeting the Depression."

So they have to struggle along on \$3,000 per week! Yes, I do believe we do feel sorry for them. What do they know about real life?

Our total income is about \$1,500 for the year. Out of this we must pay all expenses, including \$350 for the hired man; \$85 for light, fuel, telephone; car expenses, taxes, insurance, all farm expenses, donations to church, etc., groceries, clothes, and all the other necessities of life.

We farm women do all our own work. This includes washing, ironing, cooking and baking, canning, cleaning, care of garden, chickens, the lawn, and oftentimes outside work in the barn and fields. We have plenty of entertainment, too—community clubs, old-time dances, study clubs, P. T. A. meetings, four clubs for the boys and girls, picnics, auto trips, and also many happy evenings at home.

Those million-dollar parties that Mr. Vanderbilt wrote about must be just grand. We gave a party here at home once and it cost about \$2, including refreshments and prizes!

Anyhow, don't feel sorry for us. We're meeting the depression bravely and we're getting along fine, thank you.—*Mrs. Philip Johnson.*

Bull's-Eye!

DENVER, COLO.—Lawrence Saunders certainly made a bull's-eye with the first and second installments of his serial, "Six Weeks!" Full of life and pep and interest? I'll say it was!

Hope he can do as well with the rest of the story. Anyhow, here's power to him!—*L. Curtis.*



Mrs. Philip Johnson

Vox

When Is a Debt Not a Debt?

WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.—This morning I read "Do We Dare Cancel Our War Debts?" by Jay Franklin. In it Mr. Franklin makes the statement, "Politically, they [the agreements] have put us on top of the world."

Doubts as to the leadership of the United States arise when recent performances at Washington are considered. Nothing could be better devised to push the laboring vessel of international trade and finance into the rapids than the assertion by the United States Congress that there must be no further war debt moratoriums.

The farce of war debts and reparations has been played out to a sorry finish, and it ought to be retired from the stage.

The war debts have been paid to the United States, by the debtor nations, out of the reparations extracted from Germany; and Germany has paid these reparations out of money borrowed by her nationals and her business houses from the investing public of the United States.

With the stoppage of these credits, Germany cannot pay reparations; and without reparations, France, Italy, and Great Britain cannot pay the United States.—*J. G. H. Hart.*

Come In and Cry with Us

WATERLOO, IOWA—I am now one of the unemployed and it is all your fault, Liberty.

I had a good job, tending bar in the swellest place here. The old man had an old-fashioned idea the stuff was made to sell, not to drink, and had very pointedly called this to my attention. Everything was going grand until, one dull



afternoon, I bought a Liberty and read it from cover to cover. It was rotten, and I got to feeling so sorry for its editors that I burst right out crying.

Of course, right in the midst of my tears, the big squeeze had to come in. He took one look at me, told me I had a crying jag, and wouldn't listen at all—just said, "You're fired!"

Now, tell me what to do.—*Doc.*

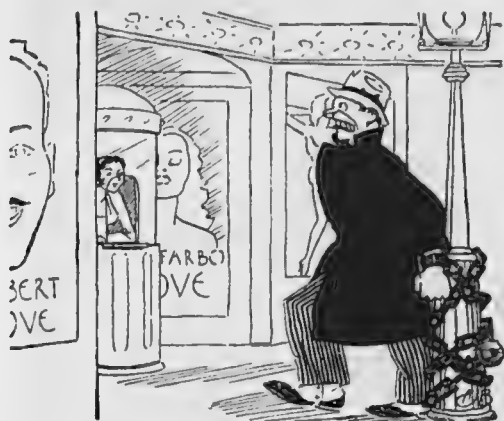
Pop

Criticizing a Critic

UTICA, N. Y.—There is only one objection I have to your magazine. My objection is Frederick James Smith. Why doesn't somebody chain that guy to a lamp-post, so he can't go into movie theaters even if he wants to?

To say he is fed up is putting it mildly.

I'm only sorry I have probably missed



many good films by following Mr. Smith's advice.

The only good thing he ever did was to give "The Champ" four stars.—J. S. A.

"Can the Small Farm Pay?"—and How

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—I am interested in your back-to-the-land plan, and read Mary Noble's articles.

If Mary Noble will investigate I think she will find that it is not the small farmer who has turned his farm back to the banks and mortgage companies, but the farmer who owned more than 160 acres of land.

The small farm is the only one that will pay in the long run. Anyone can see what mass production has done to the grain farmer during the past ten or fifteen years.

I am an ex-farmer who has made a good living on a forty-acre farm.—Cecil O. Dick.

SIoux CITY, IOWA—Vox Pop continues to produce letters of approval on your back-to-the-farm editorial.

Generally speaking, Mary Noble's articles, your editorials, and the letters of approval all fail to produce proper reasoning in support of the claim that a move back to the land will be effective relief in the matter of unemployment.

The advocates of the back-to-the-farm movement fail to explain how the cost of extra fences, farm buildings, water supply, farm tools, etc., is to be met when the large farms are reduced to small units. Nor do they explain how the small farmer will pay taxes, interest, and what not in view of the fact that the machine-farming method has

lowered production costs, yet, even so, is unable to meet expenses with the prices received for its products.

No! It just will not happen. The small farm goes arm in arm with small industry to where it belongs—namely, past history.—Jay MaRen.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I feel that Mary Noble's articles dealing with the back-to-the-land movement—the latest one was called "Can the Small Farm Pay?"—really offer a basis on which the United States could build a new era of prosperity.

There is, however, one point that seems always to be passed over rather lightly in these articles.

The point I refer to is this: How can the unemployed man get a farm, and implements to work the land, when he has no money?

Who owns this land? Capitalists hold part of it. Of the remaining land, a large portion is very likely in the possession of the government, taken over because of failure to meet taxes. This government-held land is obviously of no value to anyone at present, and constitutes, because of its uselessness, a drag on business in general.

I suggest that the government resume the homestead policy with these lands.

Once on the land the new farmer should requisition, through a government representative, such tools and equipment as are necessary.

These things should be furnished by the manufacturer at actual cost of production and shipping, on a credit plan extending over at least seven years, no payments to be made during the first two years.

At the end of two years the farmer should be producing, and on a strong basis.

Wouldn't this be more agreeable to all concerned than a dole?—H. W. Snyder.

Twisting an Expert's Brain

NEW YORK, N. Y.—May I congratulate you on presenting to the Liberty reading public that new and novel idea, those brain twisters, the Yardleygrams?



Cecil Wolk

I was a devoted solver of puzzles—some might have called me fanatic—until six months ago, when I suddenly became tired of the usual and looked for something new. Even cross word puzzles no longer interested me.

Now I have H. O. Yardley's cryptograms.

I have read Mr. Yardley's book, "The American Black Chamber," and if I may submit my humble criticism, it was done in masterly fashion. His new idea of Yardleygrams carries the same weight with me.—Cecil Wolk.

Weekly Waiting

CHURUBUSCO, IND.—I have been trying for some time to find something in Liberty that I might kick about. Up till today I have been unsuccessful.

It has just dawned upon my slow-thinking brain that I've had a big kick coming for a long time. Here it is.

I buy a copy of Liberty on Thursday afternoon, I read everything in it from cover to cover on Thursday night, then I have to wait almost seven days before I can get another copy. During that period one would think I was an expectant father—'s awful!—R. W. Coulter.

Couple of Cover Critics

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—A cover every week on Liberty. Fifty-two covers a year. And on a majority of covers—just kids! Kids up to this or that—often doing things they shouldn't do.



Albert H. Greenberg

Anyone not knowing better would think Liberty was a children's magazine, or had gone "bedtime story," and that's a fact. Don't forget that ninety-five

per cent of your readers are adults. The covers are all right for the children, but not so good for the grown-ups.—Albert H. Greenberg.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I see that a Vox Popper demanded that Liberty readers vote as to whether or not they like Leslie Thrasher. Well, here's one vote in his favor. I'm sick and tired of beautiful girls on magazine covers, and, what's



more, I'm tired of the worship of 'em in real life. They're usually too stuck-up to live.

Yep, after an overdose of magazine covers I'm fed up on pretty girls. I feel like walking up to the next homely woman I meet and shaking hands with her.

Sometimes I feel like smashing every statue of a beautiful woman that I see.—Man Who Likes Thrasher's Covers.

“What Was the Crack?”

LIBERTY PAYS \$500

for Wise Cracks Each Week

WRITE YOURS AND WIN!

HERE'S another chance to turn a wise crack into cash. Most people won't even give you credit for wise cracks. Liberty offers to pay you cash! Look at the schedule of cash prizes, ranging from \$100 down. Two hundred and thirty-two of them. Want one? Then file your claim by sending in a ridiculous answer to this week's contest question. It takes practically no time at all. Just jot down your answer and suggest another question. Not more than twenty words for the answer and not more than twenty words for the new question. A total of not more than forty words. And an opportunity to win \$100. That's at the rate of \$2.50 per word! Easy money. Big money. Why not try for it? Your chance is the equal of anyone's. The question? Here it is.

“What is the best use for old razor blades?”

Write what you consider the most ridiculous an-

swer to this vexing problem. It will make you a national hero—maybe. Be as funny as you like. The only serious thing about this contest is the prize money. That's as dignified as the Mint. And it's yours for the winning!



What is the best use for old razor blades?

WEEKLY CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	\$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
Two FOURTH PRIZES, each \$10	20
Seven FIFTH PRIZES, each \$5	35
Fifty SIXTH PRIZES, each \$2	100
170 SEVENTH PRIZES, each \$1	170
232 CASH PRIZES, TOTAL	\$500

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their immediate families.
2. Each week until further notice Liberty will print a contest question. Write what you consider the most ridiculous possible answer to it. Your answer must be accompanied by a suggested question usable in a future edition of this contest.
3. Each answer must not exceed twenty words. Each suggested question must not exceed twenty words. Use the coupon, a copy thereof, or a plain sheet of paper. Use typewriter or pen and ink. Answers in pencil will not be considered. If you do not use the coupon, write on one side of your sheet of paper only.
4. The answer which, in the opinion of the judges, is the most ridiculous and is accompanied by the best suggested question for a future edition of the contest will be awarded the first prize. The next best entry, judged on this basis, will be awarded second prize, etc., according to the prize schedule on this page.
5. Mail all entries to ANSWERS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. Entries for this week's contest must be received prior to the close of business on Monday, February 15, 1932.

THIS COUPON IS FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

What is the best use for old razor blades?

Answer

New Question

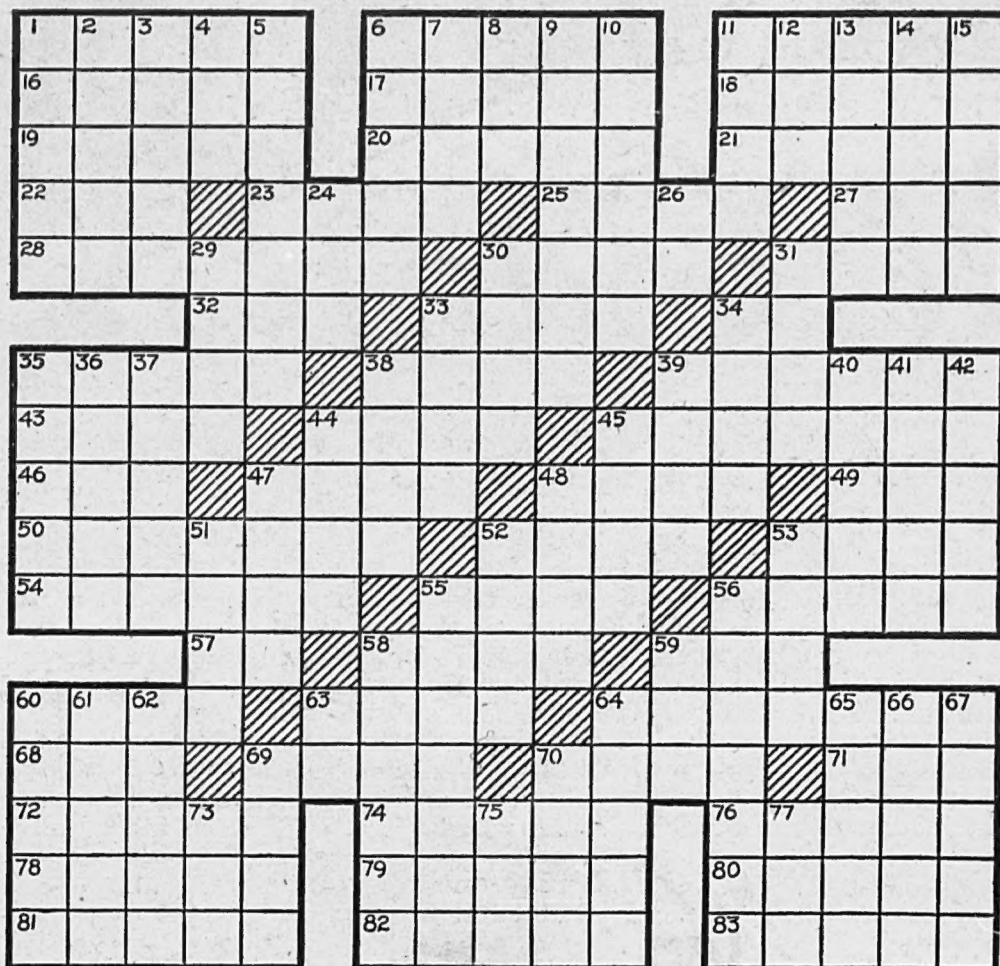
Name

Address

City State

ANOTHER \$500 CASH PRIZE QUESTION COMING NEXT WEEK

Cross Words *A New Puzzle*



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Confused sounds
- 6 Textile fabric
- 11 Broad smiles
- 16 Puff up
- 17 Hideous monsters
- 18 Of the ear
- 19 Man's name
- 20 City in England
- 21 Rent
- 22 Individual
- 23 Satisfy to repletion
- 25 A bird
- 27 Spigot
- 28 Bed canopies
- 30 Turkish governors
- 31 Girdle
- 32 Insect
- 33 Young girl
- 34 Partake of existence
- 35 Cicatrices
- 36 Fewer
- 39 Transmitter
- 43 Detestation
- 44 Grievs
- 45 Give back
- 46 Commotion
- 47 Lacking in richness
- 48 Deed
- 49 American general
- 50 Name incidentally
- 52 Gone by
- 53 Measure of content
- 54 Metric measures
- 55 Roster
- 56 Defeats
- 57 Bone
- 58 Dingy
- 59 Hard subsoil
- 60 Stop
- 63 Fruit (plural)
- 64 Suspended
- 68 Duration of existence
- 69 Notify

AGIONS MINT ERA
TRAITS PSI ORATOR
EARN CAPER ELUDE
PEN CORONET ADE
BED CIVET GID END
AS PATES MACAW TO
T PAPER PALACES O
STAR SEVEN LEANER
ORES DOTES STAY
SPINES MASTS HTED
E STENCIL RATEL R
AM SPORT METER PA
ROM SUE COWED SLY
LAG TAMALES AHA
NITER MONAD ALICE
UNITED PER OPENER
TEN DOVE SURE ESE

Answer to last week's puzzle

- 70 Breathe spasmodically
- 71 Deer
- 72 Compact
- 74 Duck
- 76 Select class
- 78 Penetrate
- 79 Gaze fixedly
- 80 Ascended
- 81 Rock
- 82 Warm
- 83 Ovules

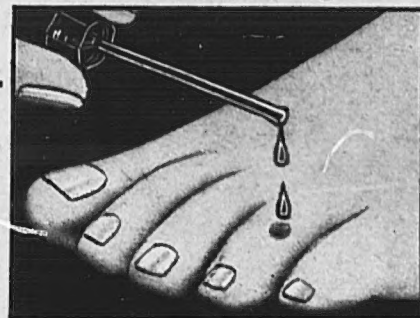
VERTICAL

- 1 Make sodden
- 2 Arrange in a row
- 3 Bundles
- 4 Greek letter
- 5 Abates
- 6 Sheds
- 7 Molding
- 8 Ill temper
- 9 Reparation of wrong
- 10 Tries
- 11 Flaw; blemish
- 12 Regret
- 13 Angry
- 14 Of the nose
- 15 Slumbered
- 24 Craft

- 26 Form of to be
- 29 Weed
- 30 Fish
- 31 Made crooked
- 33 Sidelong glance
- 34 Having good qualities in the highest degree
- 35 Counterfeits
- 36 Military student
- 37 Expiate
- 38 Bird
- 39 Part of a valve
- 40 Deals out sparingly
- 41 Upstanding
- 42 Emits vapor
- 44 Courts
- 45 Cessation of motion or exertion
- 47 Pastry (plural)
- 48 Go hungry
- 51 Jog
- 52 Fasteners
- 53 To hang as if balanced
- 55 Variety of coal
- 56 Addresses with jest or ridicule
- 58 Most dreadful
- 59 Write
- 60 Hell
- 61 Deputy
- 62 Term used as a direction in music
- 63 Note of the scale
- 64 Peeled
- 65 Spring up
- 66 Noticed
- 67 The years between twelve and twenty
- 69 Existed
- 70 Fairy
- 73 Japanese coin
- 75 Dibble
- 77 Lay of land

NOW STOP PAIN THIS EASY WAY

One drop does it instantly
— then corn lifts right off



If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

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Help Wanted—Male

MEN—Neat appearing; must be able to use comb

Weyer's Sur-Lay Hair Tonic
Grooms Your Hair for Appearance and Success

WEYER'S Sur-Lay HAIR TONIC
At all Druggists—per Bottle 50c

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



To the Ladies!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

LAWYER Dudley Field Malone hates red. Blue for him every time. He wears blue shirts, blue socks, ties, pyjamas. It's lucky for us girls that Lawyer Malone's new job as supreme viceroy to the U. S. dress industry does not include fashion dictating. He'd



Dudley Field Malone

have us all dolled up like bluebirds.

"Men are the sentimental sex," he said to me. "Women are the realists. The ready-to-wear dress industry is man-made, man-controlled. If more women had been brought into it, maybe their realism could have saved it from the chaos it's in today."

That tickled me, of course.

But right after that my talk with Mr. Malone struck rough going. He expressed his admiration of Jane Addams, Clemenceau, and—a certain

British statesman now in lofty power.

"Yah," sneered I politely at the last name.

Mr. Malone (pugnaciously): He's a great man.

Me (more pugnaciously): He isn't.

Mr. Malone (getting very Irish): Darlin', will ye hould yer tongue? It's me that's bein' interviewed, so it's me who'll do the talkin'!

What could I do? Especially when I saw, staring at me from the Malone desk, a large photograph of Mayor Jimmy Walker inscribed, "To my favorite speaker."

Mayor Jimmy, by the way, is the godfather of an adorable young man named Dudley Field Malone II—born on New Year's Day, 1931.

THE ever-so-patriotic Japanese butler employed by a friend of mine got all worked up when Greta Garbo's latest picture came to town.

He didn't know a thing about Mata Hari, the notorious German girl spy from whom the picture takes its title, but her stage name (she was a dancer) sounded like home to him. Expectantly he went, therefore, to see the film on his first evening off.

It was a great mystery to him.

The next day he appealed to my friend, asking her to solve the riddle.

"Last night go pitcher house," he said. "Stay there one hour, two hour, three hour, four hour—Japanese lady no come on. Whatsa matter they leave her out?"

AS a change from Mr. Gandhi and his baby clothes, let me tell you a story about the fabulous jewels of India.

An American lady guest at the court of a Cræsus rajah longed to behold the rajah's wife arrayed in her most magnificent gems. Permission was granted for giving the American guest an eyeful of splendor, and this is what she saw:

In a solid silver room, on a solid silver dais, sat the

maharani, gleaming from head to foot. Her golden head-dress showed off rubies, diamonds, emeralds as big around as half dollars, with great ropes of pearls hanging down.

Diamonds in clusters hung from her ears. Jewels all over her completely incrustated her bosom, her arms and hands, even her shoes.

The visitor gasped—and envied. Then the audience was over. Stalwart attendants came forward to raise the maharani up. They had to heave her like a load of coal. She couldn't budge!

GLOVES play an important part this year. The more ornamental your gloves are, the more modish are you.

Gold mesh gloves are the latest craze in Paris now. Just as smart, but less extreme, are the new short gloves of black velvet. Three-quarter-length gloves are being decorated with beadwork, with cutwork, with Beauvais embroidery.

White kid gloves trimmed with a triple frill of narrow black lace look very amusing. Kid gloves with gauntlet cuffs of velvet make another novelty. All very smart; but don't forget that "modish" and "tasteful" do not always mean the same thing.

I ENJOYED reading *The End of Desire*, by Robert Herrick (Farrar and Rinehart).

FRESH green peas, for some reason, are much tastier at this time of the year when you cook them in the French style. Do them like this:

Line a heavy saucepan with wet romaine lettuce (the outside leaves). Put in your shelled peas. To 3 cups of peas allow 4 scallions or 3 small onions and 1 heaping teaspoonful of sugar. Simmer over a very low flame for 1 hour. If the peas get too dry add a little water. At the end of the hour add a small lump of butter, a little salt and pepper, and cook 15 minutes more. Remove lettuce leaves before serving.

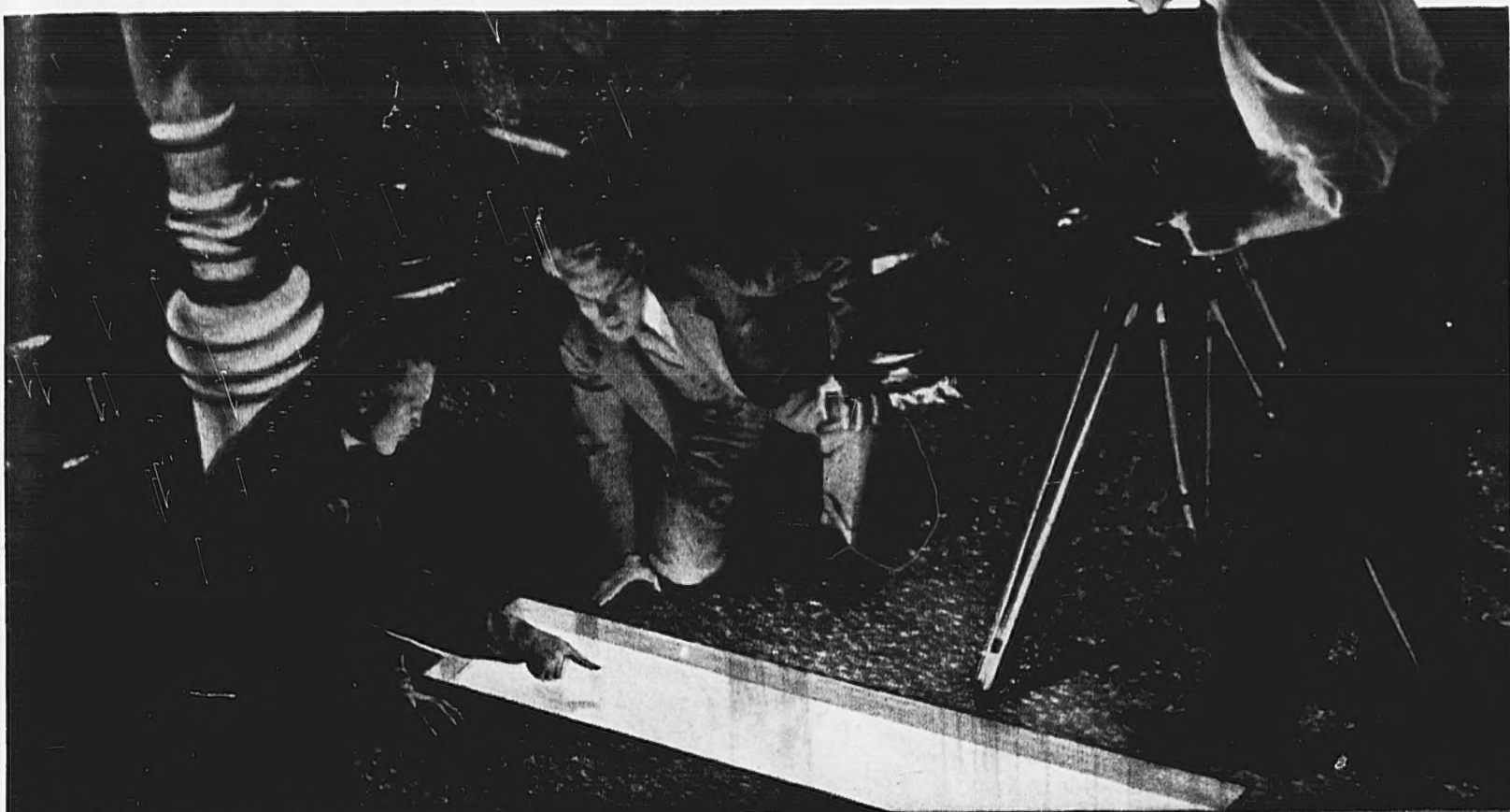
CALCIUM for breakfast may soon accompany our usual glass of orange juice. Doctors and scientists are finding out about the importance of this chemical element in human blood.

From Vienna we learn that a diet of raw vegetables, and no salt whatever, has been giving excellent results in cases of chronic sinus trouble. This diet is also said to relieve common colds.

Salt, it appears, destroys the calcium in our blood, and calcium is the stuff that helps clear up the inflammation caused by a cold.

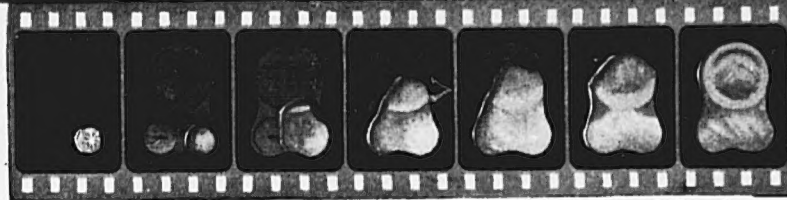
Dr. Egon Ullman of Oregon State University has been investigating the raw-vegetable cure in Vienna, and has brought the news home with him. As a result, I now go around with a half-nibbled carrot in my pocketbook. Slightly messy—but more ladylike than the raw onion prescribed of old!

Now you can *SEE* the difference Ethyl makes



ORDINARY GASOLINE burns *unevenly*—wastefully. Follow the pictures above from left to right. First the spark. Then the gasoline starts to burn. Its flame spreads farther and farther. Notice the yellow color behind the flame.

Engineers call it "carbon yellow." It is caused by glowing particles of free carbon. In the sixth picture you see what is left of the gasoline exploding *all at once*. This is knock. The last picture shows nothing but afterglow and waste.



ETHYL GASOLINE burns *evenly*—completely. Compare these pictures with those of ordinary gasoline. Notice the absence of "carbon yellow" even in the first three pictures. As combustion progresses, the difference becomes still

greater. Observe, especially, the last two pictures. Ethyl does not knock. It is still burning in the final picture. This means that its greatest power is delivered when the piston is going *down*—the time when power counts most.



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